
THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Rearming for Peace *Sir Norman Angell*

Let Them Beware! *Jules Romain*

The Chinese Lion Awakes *Harrison Brown*

Homeland in the Jungle *Paul Zech*

Rumanian Führer *Mark Ravage*

Turkey's Ism *Rom Landau*

This New Economics *Sir Charles Addis*

Three Who Died (A Story) *Jean Paul Sartre*

\$6 a Year

October, 1937

50¢ a Copy

ESTABLISHED BY E. LITTLE IN 1844

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAMPHLET SERIES

Economics of Planning: Principles and Practice

By H. R. BURROWS, M.C., M.COM., and J. K. HORSEFIELD, *University of Bristol, England*

THIS pamphlet is an authorized reprint of a series of articles appearing under the title "Economics of Planning," in the *Manchester Guardian Commercial*, Manchester, England, from November 9, 1934, to January 25, 1935.

31 PAGES ■ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY



Financing New York City

By WILLIAM WHYTE, *with a Foreword by JOSEPH D. MCGOLDRICK, former Comptroller of New York City*

THIS publication describes the financial operations of the Nation's largest city through the depression years, against a background of the history of previous years and an outline of the governmental setup. Dr. McGoldrick says: "There is no other single place to which a citizen or taxpayer could turn to find the whole picture so clearly and compactly presented."

70 PAGES ■ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY



Some Statistical Aspects of Marriage and Divorce

By I. M. RUBINOW, M.D., PH.D., *Social worker and author*

THE author's analysis of the available statistics on marriages and divorces in the United States over an extended period sheds a new light on the subject, and his conclusions will prove challenging to many of his readers.

36 PAGES ■ FIFTY CENTS PER COPY



Modernizing our State Legislatures

By A. E. BUCK, *Institute of Public Administration, New York City*

MR. BUCK advocates an important reform which should interest all who desire an effective state legislature. His arguments are cogent and his style spirited. The pamphlet will appeal equally to the legislator, the teacher, and the alert private citizen.

45 PAGES ■ FIFTY CENTS PER COPY



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE
3457 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

THE LIVING AGE



CONTENTS

for October, 1937

THE WORLD OVER.....	95
WAR AND PEACE	
I. WHO WANTS WAR?.....	102
II. LET THEM BEWARE!.....	<i>Jules Romain</i> 104
THIS NEW ECONOMICS.....	<i>Sir Charles Addis</i> 107
REFLECTIONS ON DOWNING STREET	
I. LIBERALISM BETRAYED.....	115
II. IS BRITAIN REARMING FOR PEACE?.....	<i>Sir Norman Angell</i> 119
CATHAY VERSUS NIHON	
I. ASSESSING THE GUILT.....	<i>P. Kodanda Rao</i> 127
II. A SLEEPY LION AWAKES.....	<i>Harrison Brown</i> 129
THREE WHO DIED (A Story).....	<i>Jean Paul Sartre</i> 135
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES	
RUMANIAN FÜHRER.....	<i>Mark Ravage</i> 141
GAMELIN.....	<i>R. Krug von Nidda</i> 144
A SOCIALIST STATESMAN.....	146
TOUR THROUGH ETHIOPIA.....	<i>Major E. W. Polson Newman</i> 148
AMONG THE SONS OF THE PROPHETS	
I. TURKEY'S ISM.....	<i>Rom Landau</i> 152
II. THE MIRAGE OF PAN-ISLAM.....	<i>Satish Chandra Khare</i> 155
HOMELAND IN THE JUNGLE.....	<i>Paul Zech</i> 159
INVESTIGATIONS	
I. THE BLUE INTERNATIONAL.....	<i>S. E. R. Wynne</i> 163
II. GRASSE—CITY OF PERFUMES.....	<i>Annemarie Schoene-Chaix</i> 165
III. AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES.....	<i>Cullen Young</i> 167
LETTERS AND THE ARTS	
ENTRETIEN IN PARIS.....	<i>E. M. Forster</i> 171
A JIBE AT HITLER?.....	<i>R. N.</i> 173
NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	174
BOOKS ABROAD.....	176
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF.....	183
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS.....	187

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 63 Park Row, New York City. 50c a copy. \$6.00 a year. Canada, \$6.50. Foreign, \$7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by The Living Age Corporation, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

THE GUIDE POST

ITALIAN editorials and articles on the European situation are usually demagogic and unsuitable for our pages. In our first group of articles in this issue, however, we offer a fairly restrained editorial from the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of Turin, entitled 'Who Wants War?' While some of our readers may find it hypocritical, it is useful as an Italian interpretation of Italian policy, and is as well-reasoned as the uncompromising Fascist ideology will permit. [p. 102]

THE second article in the group, 'Let Them Beware!', may be taken as a rebuttal to the first. Its author, the famous French novelist and moderate, Jules Romains, warns the dictators that they may go too far in their efforts to blackmail France and Great Britain. [p. 104]

SIR CHARLES ADDIS, the author of 'This New Economics,' has been one of Great Britain's foremost bankers for a generation, and his grave warning that the new economic ideas which are so prevalent today are as yet untested has received widespread comment abroad. [p. 107]

FEW Englishmen are pleased for any length of time with British foreign policy. Liberals, Laborites and foreigners find it both mysterious and exasperating. The exasperation may remain after reading 'Reflections on Downing Street,' but most of the mystery will have disappeared. The two articles under that heading, 'Liberalism Betrayed,' [p. 115] which is an editorial from the *New Statesman and Nation*, and Sir Norman Angell's answer to the question: 'Is Britain Rearming for Peace?' [p. 119] expose the real rulers of the Foreign Office and divulge their aims.

THE average American or Englishman,

if asked who is responsible for the conflict between Japan and China, would probably designate Japan as the aggressor. But P. Kodanda Rao, who attempts the difficult task of 'Assessing the Guilt,' [p. 127] comes to no such conclusion. His viewpoint is both interesting and unusual. Another article on the Far Eastern struggle, is 'A Sleepy Lion Awakes,' [p. 129] by Harrison Brown, a British free-lance journalist who visited many of the Chinese war-lords last winter.

OUR short story bears the macabre title, 'Three Who Died,' and it is a macabre tale of death at dawn that is so vividly told by Jean Paul Sartre, a young French writer. In no other conflict, possibly excepting the Russian Civil War, have so many prisoners been executed as in Spain, where this story is set. [p. 135]

ITALY'S position in Ethiopia was represented as perilous by Ladislav Farago in his article in *THE LIVING AGE* for August. Mr. Farago's report is almost wholly contradicted in this issue by Major E. W. Polson Newman, who is the first British journalist to visit Ethiopia since the occupation. Major Polson Newman's article, 'Tour Through Ethiopia,' was based on a three months' stay in the colony and since he had written most sympathetically of Italy in British periodicals he was given many facilities by Marshal Graziani. For the same reason, his tour may have been arranged so that he saw only the bright side of Italy's position. [p. 148]

ISLAM, like Christianity, is struggling to hold its own against the tremendous tides of fanatical nationalism. The present situation 'Among the Sons of the Prophet' is described by Rom Landau, author of a

(Continued on page 188)

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



October, 1937

Volume 353, Number 4453

The World Over

IN AN AGE OF MICROPHONE and front-page statesmanship, the person who wishes to understand foreign affairs has learned from past disillusionments to suspect the public professions of the Great Powers. The foreign policy of the United States alone can be given a clean bill in this respect—at least during the last three years. Our greatest professed aim is peace, and we *appear* to be willing to make sacrifices, both material and of prestige, to preserve it. The honesty of our second avowed aim, good neighborhood with the republics and peoples of Latin America, has not been questioned with any degree of success.

The situation of the United States is not, of course, one-tenth as complicated as that of one of the European Powers, although the difficulties in which some of the Powers abroad find themselves involved have largely grown out of unconscionable meddling in the affairs of other States. Yet the difficulties and the meddling are present and the Powers often find it expedient to disguise their real motives behind well-sounding platitudes.

This sort of camouflage is not at all new, but it seems to have become especially popular during the past two years. The reader may contrast from his own memory the professed with the real motives behind the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, German and Italian intervention in Spain and Great Britain's vacillating policy toward that intervention. Three recent examples are worthy of special notice. As the first, we would cite Japan's professed aim of ending 'anti-Japanism' and Communism

(which Mr. Arita has called synonymous!) in China. Her real reasons are economic and strategic: she wants the iron, coal, cotton and cheap labor of North China, and her military experts desire to cut off China from contact with Soviet Russia and to secure a strong position on the latter's flank.

Still more recent is Soviet Russia's charge that Italy has been responsible for submarine piracy in the Mediterranean. Here the real motive was to block Anglo-Italian reconciliation and to prevent progress toward a Western Pact which would isolate Russia.

Lastly, there is Great Britain's professed but ridiculous aim of catching the 'pirate submarine.' In this amusing case, Great Britain has simply seized an opportunity to make a naval demonstration in order to show Italy and Il Duce that the Mediterranean is neither *mare nostrum* nor *mare clausum*. In doing so she had the support of France and other nations which have become tired or fearful of Italian pretensions. From what we have learned of Mussolini we do not believe that the demonstration will make him more manageable in the least.

AT THIS WRITING, in mid-September, we find that China has already lost her war with Japan. The heroic defense of Shanghai by Chiang Kai-shek's best troops won admiration even from the Japanese commanders. But it seems undeniable that while China might lose the war at Shanghai, she could not win it there. The very most she can expect from a successful resistance in that quarter is a stalemate. Meanwhile, Japan has poured division after division into North China, until her forces number around 200,000. Hampered at first by heavy rains, her columns have since occupied virtually the whole of North China and are preparing forays farther south along the railway lines.

Briefly, the main objective of the Japanese High Command was to get possession of North China and its resources. While its appetite may grow with the eating, that major objective has been achieved. And since the armies of the Communist, Western and Central war-lords—independent, ill-trained and ill-equipped—are far more likely to be cut to pieces one after another than they are to disrupt the Japanese conquest, we believe that Japan has won. This verdict will be changed only by some new and unexpected factor, such as the intervention of Soviet Russia.

Mr. Harrison Brown elsewhere in this issue, and many other writers, have stressed Japan's economic and financial vulnerability in the event of a prolonged war. We expect neither a social revolution nor financial collapse in Nippon. A disciplined and patriotic people is capable of tremendous sacrifices in war time; as to Japan's strained finances, we do not recall that any war in modern times has been lost because of a finan-

cial collapse. Both the social and financial structures in Japan are far more likely to collapse in peace time than during war. The government of a nation that has taken up arms may resort to financial measures that were not available before. Japan's internal crisis will occur during the half-decade following the war.

THIS YEAR NUREMBERG brought no 'surprises' to foreign statesmen who await, whether with interest or anxiety, Chancellor Hitler's pronouncements to the annual National Socialist Party Congress. The Führer gave one of his infrequent interviews to the foreign correspondents. They were permitted to question him freely but on the understanding that his replies should be paraphrased and not quoted. On this occasion he stressed the great task of internal reconstruction which Germany is undertaking and which will require twenty years' work. But he made clear his belief that Europe will never be able to settle down until the colonial problem has been solved—more specifically, until Germany has recovered her former colonies. His only suggestions as to how this might be brought about were common-sense and the co-operation of the colonial Powers.

As yet there is no indication that Chancellor Hitler will borrow from his Far Eastern ally the latter's definition of 'coöperation.' But it is significant that the yearning for colonies and the belief that they are necessary to Germany persist strongly in the Führer's mind. Perhaps he himself does not know whether colonial or European expansion is the more desirable objective. Yet Germany's Navy is weak while her Army is powerful, and 'adventures' on land appear more promising at present, if, indeed, there are to be any 'adventures.'

Bearing in mind Germany's colonial desires, and her cherishing of the Imperial Naval traditions, it is unlikely that she will be satisfied with the present ratio of her tonnage to Great Britain's very much longer. Her military rearmament will be completed, even to the satisfaction of the Reichswehr leaders, sometime in 1938. In what direction will Germany's tremendous energies then be directed? Heavy industry, especially, will require a new task to replace the making of cannon, tanks and munitions. While some of the plants and many of the skilled workers can undoubtedly turn to the manufacture of commercial and industrial products, the German leaders are far more apt to seize upon the building of a navy 'second to none' as the best solution. The keels of capital ships will be laid down a half-dozen at the time.

What of the treaty of 1935 with Great Britain, which limited German tonnage to 35 per cent of the British? That will offer no difficulty. The German Government will simply inform London that the ratio permitted in the treaty is no longer adequate for German needs, and that hence-

forth Germany will build in accordance with her own view of her needs. It is then that the real naval race of the future will begin.

RELATIONS BETWEEN CZECHOSLOVAKIA and Nazi Germany since 1935 have been disturbed by a series of 'incidents,' almost all of which have been caused by anti-Czech propaganda in the Nazi press. They began after Czechoslovakia followed the example of France and concluded a defensive pact with Soviet Russia. The early attacks were aimed directly at that pact and have been dealt with in previous numbers of THE LIVING AGE. The following account of the newer targets of the Nazi propagandist *drang nach Osten* has been drawn from the *Neue Weltbühne*.

A recent incident was based on a flagrant mistranslation by a German correspondent. For some time the Prague street-cars have carried posters which graphically stress the Czechoslovakian ideals of unity. These posters appeal to the public with the words *Strážme svébo území!* (Let us Protect our Territory!) The *Völkische Beobachter's* Prague correspondent apparently has such a fine command of the Czech language that he translated those few words as: 'Let us Smash Their Territory!' (namely that of Germany). Upon this dishonest translation he based a dispatch to his paper which appeared under the sensational headline of 'Peaceful Czechoslovakia—Let us Smash Their Territory—Prague Yearns for German and Austrian Territory.' The dispatch itself represents the slogan as imperialist propaganda aimed at arousing a desire for territorial expansion in the Czech people. While the *Völkische Beobachter* reluctantly admitted the error in the translation, it nevertheless retained its deductions.

Another incident concerned a Viennese flyer who drew the Hammer and Sickle in smoke in the sky. According to the German press, he came from, and returned to, Czechoslovakia. But he was soon exposed as the German spy Arighi, an employee of an Austrian airplane factory. The latest campaign against Czechoslovakia in the German press concerned the Sudeten German children, to whom, the Germans asserted, permission to spend a vacation in Germany was deliberately refused, leaving them to starve while the Czech Government did nothing to aid them. In view of what has been done by the Czechoslovak Government for these children this is a very unjust accusation. In the last eighteen months alone, according to the *Central European Observer*, 25,041 children from the depressed areas in North Bohemia have been sent away for a six-week vacation in health camps, and of the total number 51 per cent were German children.

All these happenings seem almost harmless when compared with German propaganda about the complex minority problem. Here the

so-called 'suppression of the Sudeten Germans' is the constant theme. There are 'depressed border areas,' atrocity tales about 'starving Sudeten German villages and cities,' about Sudeten German communities living on 'rats or cats,' and other stories which give fantastic reports of Sudeten Germans 'languishing in Czechoslovak prisons.' This list could be continued *ad nauseam*.

How does Czechoslovakia react to all these vicious outbursts? By patiently correcting them and in informing other countries of the actual truth. Often she simply ignores the distortions and insults. Officially, Prague claims that there are no immediate conflicts between the two countries.

THE GERMAN ANARCHO-SYNDICALISTS of Barcelona will soon publish the *Black and Red Book: Documents on Hitlerian Imperialism*, which reveals many details about the Nazi espionage and propaganda organizations abroad. Most of the documents were found in the Spanish offices of the German Labor Front when they were raided on July 19, 1936. They deal not only with Spain but with the whole Nazi Foreign Department.

One of the most interesting sections describes the German National Socialist foreign service. The organization in each country has a complex system of sub-divisions and special emphasis is laid upon strict obedience to the local leadership. Instructions are received by means of the confidential *Mitteilungsblatt*, an inner-Party bulletin, which is never sent through the post but is smuggled in either by courier or in the diplomatic pouch. The bulletin contains a warning: 'It is strictly forbidden to allow outside persons to see either this bulletin or any extract from it.' A special code was used in Spain. Aryans, for instance, were known as 'Group 1,' Party members as 'Group 50,' Freemasons as 'Group M' and Jews as 'Group U.' All German exiles who had been deprived their citizenship were listed in the bulletins. Contacts with the prominent citizens of the guest country were reported to headquarters. Unknown to the guest countries, but officially authorized by the Party, the following were subordinated to the Foreign Organization: the Consulates, the German Chambers of Commerce, the educational exchange service, the German schools, the religious communities of the Germany colony, and all German clubs and organizations.

Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, the chief of this extensive network, is thirty-four years of age. He was born in Bradford, England, but attended school in Capetown where he was graduated. After having attended a few courses in business administration and trade he was for several years employed by Rhenish and Hamburg import and export firms until 1931, when he entered the Nazi Party which had begun to recognize the im-

portance of organizing all Germans abroad. Bohle was assigned to the South African Section of the Foreign Department, which was then stationed in Hamburg. In 1933, after the Nazis got into power, he was put in charge of that organization and was at the same time appointed *Gauleiter*, or district leader. In 1934 the name of Bohle's Department was changed into 'Foreign Organization of the NSDAP.' In 1935 the offices were transferred to their present elegant quarters in Berlin's Tiergarten. Since February of this year the Foreign Organization has been an integral part of the German Foreign Office.

AN IMPRESSION that Poland is ripe for sensational events grows stronger week by week. Whether there will be civil war or the inauguration of an oppressive totalitarian military dictatorship is not clear, although the latter seems more probable. Marshal Rydz-Smigly, whom Marshal Pilsudski named as his successor, has proven anything but a strong national leader; yet he controls the army, and in desperation he may use it to end dissension. Five months ago, in commenting upon the grandiose plan for national unity announced by Colonel Koć and sponsored by Marshal Rydz-Smigly, we wrote: '. . . the totalitarian principle has heretofore succeeded only in countries which have been controlled by disciplined, semi-military political organizations. Poland lacks this important element.' Despite the support of the Government and its controlled press, Colonel Koć's plan has thus far produced no tangible results. The situation is summarized by the London *Economist*, which keeps a close watch on events in Eastern Europe:—

The gloves are off in Polish politics. The contest may be long and arduous, but in any case it will be crucial for Poland—indeed, for all Eastern and Central Europe. The Pilsudski régime has split within two years of its creator's death; and a great gulf between it and the Polish people has widened, is still widening and will continue to widen unless the new Marshal can rally the mass of the still largely disfranchised people to a new national movement whose strength will be its comprehensiveness.

But an even closer watch on Polish affairs is kept in Moscow, and a writer in *Pravda* recently predicted 'the complete totalization of the Polish régime, the suppression of the trade unions and the liquidation of the opposition parties and press.'

PROHIBITION, after faring ill in the Occident, is about to become a lively issue in India. Mr. Gandhi has placed it first among the constructive tasks that should be undertaken by the All-India Congress in the six Provinces which it controls. While Congress leaders are in unanimous agreement on the desirability of prohibition, the more practical among them are concerned over the problem of finding alternative sources of

revenue for the enormous excise taxes derived from liquor. It has been held that adequate substitute revenues cannot be developed in India in less than a decade. For Mr. Gandhi, however, moral considerations are foremost, and he has declared that 'Whatever is immediately possible in law should be done without a moment's thought as far as the revenue is concerned. The loss of revenue is only apparent. Removal of this degrading tax enables the drinker, *i.e.* the taxpayer, to earn and spend better.' Since Mahatmaji ignores so many practical difficulties, especially the cost of enforcing prohibition and the difficulty of finding new sources of revenue in a poor country like India, it appears likely that he will have to give the Congress Ministries more time.

DEPRESSION WAGES and a rapidly rising cost of living are the real reasons for the unrest in Great Britain's sugar islands of Trinidad, Barbados, Mauritius and other colonies. Strikes, processions and petitions for higher wages and better working conditions have been repulsed by the familiar methods. Warships have been called and marines have fired upon demonstrators killing and wounding a considerable number; in each of the islands the authorities have distributed arms to plantation managers and their assistants with full discretion, it seems, to fire as they please upon the workers. And, as usual, the red herring of Communist agitation has been dragged across the real issue. Desperation among the peonized sugar workers is not new, for it has led to disorders on many occasions during the last two centuries. We shall soon learn whether the British Colonial Office has at last discovered a more civilized and rational solution than gunfire for a strictly economic problem.

AUSTRALIA, like several other raw-material producing countries, is enjoying the highest level of material prosperity in its history. That rarity in these days, a budget surplus, has been reported by the Federal Treasurer, and is a reflection of peak production, diminished unemployment, higher real wages, record savings bank deposits and remarkable improvement in the overseas trade.

The problem of security continues to be of concern to the country's leaders. Mr. Lyons's scheme for a pacific parley and pact was perhaps foredoomed to failure, and since the adjournment of the Imperial Conference there has been apparent a determination to develop Australia's own means of defense. Strong emphasis has been placed on aviation, and an airplane works has been established. One spokesman has proposed that an air force of fifty fighter-bomber squadrons shall be developed and maintained. This would be double Japan's strength in seaborne aircraft, but the cost of the program, some \$75,000,000, would be serious for Australia.

A Fascist editor and a noted French writer take entirely different views of the aims of the Fascist Powers.

War *and* Peace

I. WHO WANTS WAR?

Translated from the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, Turin Fascist Daily

DURING the Imperial Conference in London, Mr. Eden, in speaking of the relations between Italy and Great Britain, said, 'in these last months war has twice been avoided by a miracle.' These grave words were spoken on the anniversary of the day on which Italy of her own free will intervened in the most terrible war in history. At incalculable risk and immense sacrifices, and with a cost of 700,000 lives she saved the Allies from defeat and disaster. Although defrauded of the fruits of victory, Italy celebrated that epoch-making day with legitimate pride; yet England and France talk of how to avoid a war with Italy. The 'great democracies of the West' have now reached this stage of mental aberration. It really makes one think that if they are so mad God must wish to destroy them.

Why war? Who has any interest in letting loose a fresh war on Europe?

A new war would spell disaster for Europe and therefore for civilization, if it be true, and it is, that 'Europe' means 'Civilization.' It would be internecine butchery, the mutual extermination of the ruling races and would give the signal for revolution to the leaders of the peoples of Asia and Africa, dominated and supported by the barbarous madness reigning in Bolshevik Russia. Not one of the great and really European nations has any conceivable reason or interest in provoking a suicidal war.

Italy during the last year has conquered an Empire; now it is her duty and her wish to organize it, to populate it, to make it productive. Peace is a necessity for this great task which will demand all her energies for decades to come. She is ready at any moment both materially and spiritually to resist any who attempt to deprive her of her right to live, her

honor, her freedom in the Mediterranean and her imperial destiny. She is also ready to defend Western civilization, which is fundamentally Roman, against the menace of barbarism. It is obviously not in her interest to provoke a war which might threaten her own existence. Only the minimum of intelligence is needed to see this, only the minimum of honesty to admit it. Anyone who talks of Italy's wishing for war is mad, or lying, or drugged with the narcotics of Geneva, or is truckling to his own demagogues.

Nor has Germany any intelligible reason for starting a war. Defeated, disarmed, enchained in 1919 at Versailles, she has little by little, step by step, without war, flung off her chains; she has recovered little by little all that she lost. She has renewed her national spirit, her armed forces and much of her economic power. She knows herself to be surrounded by suspicion and hatred, some still smouldering, some just dying down but ready to burst out afresh at the least provocation. In such conditions war would imperil her magnificent but still incomplete work of reconstruction. Determined like Italy to defend the order and civilization of Europe, Germany also resembles Italy in having no desire for an unnecessary war. The Italian-German understanding is a bulwark against the Soviet menace of a world revolution; it is an understanding which makes for peace and order. It is blindness or bad faith to refuse to admit this.

France has no understandable motive for going to war. Possessed of gold and colonies far beyond her real capacity to assimilate; menaced by internal disorder and corruption, her international prestige considerably di-

minished, stagnating in the juridical spirit of Geneva, materialistic, individually and collectively pacifist, France has everything to lose and nothing to gain by war. During the World War she was saved by a myth and by a world coalition; today that myth is discredited and the coalition could not be even partially re-created. All Frenchmen, except the Communist agents and the dupes of Moscow, know that for France, more than for any other great Power, war would involve the gravest risks.

II

Not even England would gain anything by war. With armaments which may be formidable in a few years (if she can find the men to use them) but which today exist only on paper; with a population which appears to have lost its imperial spirit, its liking for adventure and fighting; with an unwieldy and heterogeneous Empire clearly too heavy a burden and now reduced to a mere federation which is threatened in one place by underground revolt and distracted in others by growing centrifugal forces; satiated and pacifist like France, if for different reasons—Britain, like France, has everything to lose by war. It might hasten the disintegration of the Empire and leave her once again the former kingdom of the Tudors and the Stuarts. In any case, for France and England a disaster to Europe would be a disaster to them.

Not one of the great Powers has anything to gain by provoking a war. What is the cause of the daily appearance of this specter of war? It arises from the fact that between these so-called 'great democracies' and the

so-called 'authoritarian régimes' of Europe there exists a profound difference. In spite of stupid demagogic lies, it is the latter and not the democracies which are really free. They are free from vague ideologies and mystical doctrines, they are able to see clearly the real interests of their countries; politically free from the blackmail of political parties and factions, they are able to pursue without opposition, hesitation, or deviation the real interests of their countries. With power and knowledge and responsibility, they are the masters of their own actions. The other countries are the slaves of their own myths, of their political parties and their passions; as a result, they may at some moment, willingly or unwillingly, be driven to commit some irreparable act of madness. The 'great democracies' are the playthings of forces which are driving Europe to a suicidal war.

These forces are well known. First of all there is Soviet Russia, the only one of the great Powers which has a real interest in starting a fresh European war. Bolshevik Russia longs to see the great imperial nations of Europe tear each other to pieces, to see what remains of Western power and

civilization disappear in blood and fire in order that she may lead an anti-European revolution in Asia and Africa and finally fasten her barbarous talons on Europe. She hopes that from a Europe disheartened, exasperated and poisoned there would at last come the universal Communist revolt and the establishment of her own inhuman empire of universal madness. This is why she assiduously corrupts and suborns the working classes, why she intrigues unceasingly at Geneva to foment international discords; that is why she cherishes her alliance with France and incites the French Communists to demand war; and that is why she has provoked and tirelessly encouraged the horrible war in Spain.

Her wishes are shared and supported by the Second and Third Internationals. Bolshevik Russia is also helped for selfish reasons by three sinister organizations which are anti-Fascist and anti-Roman—Freemasonry, Judaism and English Protestantism. These three currents, obscure or occult, unite in a spate of lies and hatred which flows to the abyss of war. Against this turbid flood the unbreachable dikes are Italy, Germany and their lesser allies.

II. LET THEM BEWARE!

By JULES ROMAINS

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

DO THEY really want war? Have they made up their minds so that they are now uncertain only about the date and the occasion? Is it possible that all the operations which they are carrying on, particularly in Spain, have only one purpose: to gain strategic advan-

tages in anticipation of the coming war?

If this be so, the result will be exactly the same, whether our attitude toward them is conciliatory or energetic. The only thing for us to consider is whether it is to our advantage to gain

time. It is quite possible that a conciliatory attitude would help us in this respect, inasmuch as it would give us a strong ethical position and enlist in our support whatever is left of the 'world conscience.'

But, perhaps, they find the prospect of war as unpleasant as we do, and are merely blackmailing us by exploiting our unwillingness to go to war? Perhaps they think that in this way they will be able to reap a large part of the benefits that a victorious war would give them—at much less cost and without running such grave risks? If this is so, a firm attitude on our part, provided that we really mean it and are not bluffing, may very well put an end to the blackmailing—for the time being, at least.

This is what every man in France and England is asking himself now, from the man on the street to the Prime Minister. It is a most uncomfortable state of mind.

We must not suppose that our enemies have dispensed with asking themselves any questions about us. They, too, are guessing. 'Are England and France ready to accept everything? How far can we go without putting ourselves into a situation where we must choose between retreating and fighting?' This uncertainty would not trouble them particularly if they have already decided to fight; but it would give them many bad dreams if they were just blackmailing.

Their situation is better than ours for at least two reasons. The first is that ever since Versailles they had been the ones who have made demands. It is they who constantly take the offensive. It is they who have incited to acts of violence, broken treaties and made attempts—so far

localized—against the peace. In playing this game, they are sure to gain something. They have nothing to lose. The second reason is that they are constantly gambling on our idealism and our legalistic scruples. They are saying to themselves: 'There are certain reprisals which we don't have to fear.' Nevertheless, while thanking them for this flattering opinion of us, we ought to call their attention to an error which might creep into their calculations.

II

They are quite right in supposing that we will do the utmost to avoid war. But beyond that point, I suspect that their reasoning fails. They say to themselves that if the war comes, the Western democracies will for hours and days immediately following the rupture retain the same moral inhibitions, the same control of reflexes by moral scruples that we have shown heretofore in trying to avoid conflict. They believe that the period of time which we will require to rid ourselves of these scruples will give them an important advantage. Still more important, it is their belief that their cities will be safe from immediate reprisal.

In this I maintain that they are mistaken. I should like a certain foreign statesman who seems to go out of his way to give us many a cause for worry, and who flatters himself for having recently changed the situation in the Western Mediterranean to our disadvantage—I should like this statesman to take a map of the Mediterranean and try to look at it with French eyes. Then I should like him to answer this question honestly: 'If I were in France in the midst of a diplomatic rupture and if suddenly I found

myself without scruples of any kind, whether humanitarian or diplomatic, what would I do?’

I should like him to cast his eye over the eastern and the western coasts of the Mediterranean basin, where there are other islands than the Balearics, islands that are equally tempting for a lover of surprise attacks and perhaps even better situated for such an attempt. And I should like him to ask himself what this new France, suddenly relieved by the wave of some magic wand from her scruples, would do about Spain. Would not the

answer be, since there is no longer any fiction of peace or law to respect in Spain, that France—a France without scruples—would seize the golden opportunity to reach across the Pyrenees?

That is the reality, and the statesman must not take it for a mere flight of imagination. Let him ponder it and he will learn things that no official note or conversation can tell him. Since he is himself a realist who has never paid much attention to words and formalities, he may recall that the course of history is determined by realities.

THE VAGARIES OF THE THREE ANTI-MARX BROTHERS



[This is how Jean Effel, a well-known French cartoonist, sees the three reactionary opponents of the Popular Front, Colonel de La Rocque of the now dissolved Croix de Feu, ex-Premier Tardieu and Jacques Doriot, the leader of the Parti Populaire Français. The significance of the letter lies in the recent disclosure that Tardieu had been secretly subsidizing de La Rocque. The cartoon appeared in *Vendredi*, Paris.]

A British banker contends that State control is not a permanent solution.

This New Economics

By SIR CHARLES ADDIS

From the *Quarterly Review*
London Conservative Periodical

IN THE year 1931 we in Great Britain were emerging from the trough of a trade depression unparalleled in living experience. The immediate danger of a financial crisis had passed, but the future was still charged with gloom and uncertainty. The Gold Standard, which had served as the sheet anchor of international trade for more than half a century, had broken down. The shock to public confidence was shown by the extensive resort to hoarding which ensued. There were changes, too, in the public estimate of right and wrong, of what was morally permissible, which were even more disquieting. The post-War debasements of currencies, which followed each other in rapid succession, led to varying forms of evasion and, in some cases, to repudiation. Debts were robbed of their former sacrosanctity. The contractual obligations of debtor countries had lost much of whatever validity they ever possessed. In some cases the plea was *force majeure*; the debtor, unable to collect the debts

due to himself, could not be expected to pay the debts due by him to others.

Another plea was that the creditor countries, by the erection of barrier walls of tariffs and embargoes against the ingress of commodities, had deprived their debtors of the only means left open to them to redeem their promises to pay. Whether the vindication was accepted or not, the stark fact remained that credit, the indispensable basis of international trade, was dislocated. The world, as we had known it, was shaken to its foundations.

And then, when hopes were at their lowest, suddenly and unexpectedly the tide turned. In 1933 there began a new upward movement that was maintained until last year. At last it became possible to dispose of the huge world stocks of primary products which had long weighed heavily on market recovery. Industrial costs, the cost of living and the rate of money wages lagged behind. The disparity

between agricultural and industrial prices, which had previously formed one of the main obstacles to a resumption of trade, was adjusted. The way was open once more to an increase in production and, through the augmented purchasing power of the raw material producing countries, to an expansion of commerce. A much-needed fillip was given to the export trade, which, after falling to one-third, has since been restored to about four-fifths of its pre-War volume.

II

The close connection between exports and employment is well known, and no doubt the partial recovery in foreign trade has been an important factor in the welcome improvement which has taken place. There are actually more persons employed in England today than before the War; although candor compels us to admit that it is to that most wasteful of all occupations, competition in armaments, that we must ascribe in large measure the recent increase in employment which has taken place. World production rose 6 per cent during the period of which we are speaking, and is now back to the pre-War level or even a little above it. Had exports shown a proportionate rise, all might have been well. Unfortunately, exports, for obvious reasons, lagged behind, and during the same period the aggregate of world exports showed a reduction of 1,500 million pounds. Until the markets of the world are again thrown open to trade there seems to be little prospect of reducing much farther the considerable residual body of unemployment which still acts as a drag on progress and a

constant menace to social order. For the great stable industries foreign trade is the breath of life, and no amount of rearmament can take its place. It is not rearmament which is going to reopen the markets of the world.

The advance has been patchy and uneven; nevertheless, viewed as a whole, the trend of the cycle from 1931 to 1936, judged by the ordinary economic criteria of prices, production and employment, has been definitely upward. This is not to say that we are out of the woods. The road to recovery is still beset with formidable obstacles. There are not wanting signs, for instance, that in many directions production, so far as it is dependent on internal demand, has reached, or nearly reached, the limit of capacity; and that consumption may, in the same way, be drawing near its saturation point. The mobility of labor, an essential factor in trade recovery, has been greatly impeded by the rigidity of the modern economic structure. In some industries there is a shortage of skilled labor and in others an excess. The principal foreign markets on which the textile factories formerly relied for the offtake of their output have passed to a large extent into other hands, and are probably only partly recoverable. The transfer of the labor, in this way rendered superfluous, to new or expanding industries is proving a long and painful process.

For the unemployment which still prevails in what are known as 'the distressed areas' no adequate remedy has as yet been discovered. If the degree of unemployment in any country may be taken as the measure of its economic welfare, then it is clear that

we are still far from having attained that just balance between investment and savings, between expenditure on capital goods and expenditure on consumption goods, on which the optimum employment of all the economic resources of a community ultimately depends.

III

Such then, in light and shade, are the salient features of the present situation as contrasted with that of five years ago. The contrast is striking. Is the change between then and now a change in kind or merely a difference of degree? And this, in turn, raises the larger question of our general attitude to change. Do we regard change as a dislocation of normal rest and stability, or rest and stability as a normal process of change? Sir Josiah Stamp posed a similar question in his presidential address to the British Association, and, like 'jesting Pilate,' would not stay for an answer. It is not for wrens to prey where eagles fear to perch, but, if compelled to make reply, our answer would be that stability is an ideal which we are ever aiming at but never attaining, and that rest is merely an interlude, a pause in the onward march of the change which forms an essential element of human existence and may be said to constitute the normal condition of mankind.

If that is accepted, it follows as a corollary that the present situation may be regarded as a point in the upward swing of a trade cycle, differing no doubt in degree but in no way different in kind from many which have preceded it. This point of view has its importance in defining our attitude to the various novel devices

adopted or proposed for maintaining the trade boom, or, alternatively, for preventing the slump which experience would lead us to expect to follow in its train.

Of the reality and magnitude of the changes which are passing under our eyes there can be no manner of doubt, although opinions may differ as to their relative values. What is their true significance? It is to be sought, we believe, not in the outward appearance, the visible phenomena, but in the things which are not seen. It would be odd indeed if material changes of this order of magnitude had failed to imprint their reflex, as an effect of past or as a cause of subsequent changes, on the mind of man. It is difficult to adjust our minds to a new concept. It costs as great a wrench to get rid of an old idea as to lay hold on a new one. What might have been effected by a slow and painless process of evolution the War has accomplished at a stroke. For it is nothing less than a revolution of ideas through which we are now passing, a spiritual change which far transcends in importance all the material consequences of the War and must profoundly modify our whole attitude to life. The old order *has* changed. We are entering on a new world to which we must learn to accommodate our old notions if we are to master and not be mastered by the new conditions.

The intimate connection between politics and economics, and the growing influence of the new ideas in shaping the political changes which we see going on all around us are matters of common observation and need not detain us. We are more concerned here to examine the grounds on which we are urged to revolutionize our ideas in

general and, in particular, to abandon the economic principles which for a hundred years have been generally accepted by economists and statesmen as the foundation for the practical politics by which they endeavored, and not without success, to build up the fortunes of Europe.

IV

We have already spoken of the difficulty of divesting ourselves of preconceived ideas; but it ought not to be difficult, even for the most conservative of us, to acknowledge frankly that circumstances alter cases and that the economic principles we imbibed in our youth and learned to regard as axiomatic may no longer be valid when applied to modern conditions.

It is not, of course, the truth that has ceased to be true; it is only the circumstances which have altered. The hypotheses—individual liberty, perfect competition, open markets, free trade—on which the classical economists founded the doctrines, which they in turn inherited from the moral philosophers of the eighteenth century, no longer exist. *Laissez-faire* has ceased to have any meaning to a community whose institutions are already to a large extent, socialized. Individual freedom, as postulated by the old economists, is a thing of the past.

Man, moved by some vague and indefinite fear of impending disaster, has been led and is being led more and more to barter his individual freedom in exchange for increased security by the State. Free trade has disappeared from the earth, submerged beneath a flood of quotas and restrictions and of

tariffs imposed not as formerly for revenue purposes but in order to bolster up a policy of economic national self-sufficiency, or 'autarky,' as it is now fashionable to call it. We no longer hold with Adam Smith that a man may safely be left to pursue what he believes to be his own interest in his own way—that in so doing he will infallibly be led by an 'invisible hand' to promote the interests of society more effectually than if that had formed part of his original intention.

We seek today a sign of the invisible hand at work and do not find it. We have lost our faith in the interposition of Providence within the sphere of economics, and have accepted in its place an almost superstitious belief in the efficacy of the State. The classical doctrine was that the interference of governments was nearly always mischievous and that, apart from security, the best service the State could render to industry was to keep its hands off it. We have changed all that. Today there is no department of our industrial life, hardly a department of our social life, left into which government interference does not enter—scarcely an article on the post-War breakfast table which has not been regimented by some government department before ever it got there. What is more, the former money economy, by which the quantity and kind of things to be produced were regulated in accordance with his needs by variation in the prices the consumer was prepared to offer for the satisfaction of his desires, has gone by the board. Its place is now usurped by committees to whom have been entrusted the tasks of regulating the rate of wages and determining the price of food. In a word, we have

passed from what the older economists called a 'natural' economy to a 'planned' economy.

A naïve belief has sprung up in man's power to control the economic forces around him and to bend them to his purpose. It has found its extreme expression in the Four- and Five-Year Plans of the totalitarian States. The economic experiments now being tried in Germany and Russia may be described as the first-fruits of a planned economy. They are, on that account, of the highest importance and should be followed with close and eager attention. For it is plain that if they succeed they can hardly fail to exercise a profound and far-reaching influence on the economic policies and, therefore, on the welfare and prosperity of other nations. Even if they fail, we shall not escape the unconscious effect of the untiring propaganda by Fascists and Communists of their counter-ideals on the minds even of those who most bitterly oppose their tenets and reject their creeds. The idea is being assiduously and insidiously fostered on all sides that a new era has been opened, in which the experience of the past and the maxims of the old political economy have become a positive disability and may safely be disregarded. An entirely new policy, it is said, must be devised to cope with the novel conditions. It amounts to this, that we are being urged to launch out on an uncharted sea and, having thrown overboard the economic precepts which formerly served as a compass to direct our course, to tack this way and that until, by a process of exclusion, of trial and error, we haply light on the path to the desired haven of peace and prosperity.

It is only fair to the advocates of this empirical doctrine to acknowledge the success which, although still in the experimental stage, has attended some of their novel devices. Although gold still retains its place as the standard of value, the final regulator of paper-currency values, its general use as a medium of exchange has ceased. Its peculiar function, that of balancing the Balance of International Payments, a function which was largely but by no means exclusively automatic in action, has been brought to an end. It has become necessary to provide a substitute. The Gold Standard as a medium of exchange having been discarded, its place has been taken by huge Equalization Funds created by the Governments of England, France, and the United States and cemented by a tripartite agreement for the purpose of redressing an unequal balance of payments, and, by putting a stop to speculative movements of funds at short term, to prevent undue fluctuations in the foreign exchanges. In the result, although the parities have not yet been fixed *de jure*, it has in fact been found possible to maintain the various currencies at an approximately constant level in relation to gold. Sterling, for example, has not varied in relation to gold more than about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the last two years. Swiss francs and Italian lire have not varied more than a little over $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 per cent in relation to the United States dollar since the collapse of the Gold Bloc last autumn.

V

The arguments in favor of a planned economy can be further reinforced by an appeal to the successful develop-

ment of a new monetary technique which for the first time, so it is claimed, makes it possible to carry out a definite long-term monetary policy. The Bank of England rate of discount has been maintained by means of market operations at 2 per cent for nearly five years. We have no desire to disparage the new methods of a planned economy or to deny their applicability to present circumstances, but when we are asked to acknowledge the inherent superiority of the new methods to the old, we demur. After all, the advantage of a stable bank rate was not unknown under the Gold Standard. In the 'nineties, from 1894 to '96, it did not vary by more than a half of 1 per cent during a period of nearly three years.

We have to be on our guard against too hasty assumptions. It does not follow, logically at any rate, that because a new currency technique has been successfully operated on a rising market, it will prove equally successful on a falling one. A slump is apt to prove more intractable than a boom. Until the success of a managed currency in dealing with an abrupt and extensive fall in prices has been demonstrated, we suggest it might be better to suspend judgment, or at best, to enter a Scottish verdict of 'non proven.'

The same may be said about the Equalization Funds. We admire the skill and address with which they have been handled. We admit the necessity, as things are at present, for measures of this kind. As a temporary device for avoiding some of the major difficulties created by the blockade imposed by non-economic tariffs and the like on international trade, their success has been proved. But the mystery, per-

haps unavoidable, which envelops the operation of the Equalization Funds must be reckoned a serious counter-vailing offset to their undoubted merits. There is no indication given of what is going on. We are deprived of the former monetary changes in bank rate, which like red and green signal lights gave warning of the coming storm or proclaimed the returning calm when the ship of commerce might once more proceed safely on its way.

Now the market is left hesitating and uncertain, not knowing which way to turn. It is not in an atmosphere of doubt and hesitation that enterprise spreads its wings; and enterprise is the urgent and vital necessity of our times. The sooner the nations return to sanity and, by clearing the choked channels of trade, revert to the former open method of adjusting their balances by the free exchange of goods and services, or, should the necessity arise, by the physical transfer of gold, the brighter the prospect becomes of returning peace and prosperity.

A *de facto* stability of currencies is not enough. Until they have been fixed *de jure* it would be idle to look for any permanent recovery in world trade. What form the reconstructed currencies will assume is still undecided. It may well be a return not, we imagine, to the old Gold Standard but almost certainly to some modified form of it. For of one thing we are sure, that whatever currency system is finally adopted it will be incomplete if it lacks a physical backing of gold. It is true that gold has been dethroned. It has fallen from its high estate; but it still stands as the only universally acceptable norm of value.

It is said that gold is a 'relic of

barbarism.' It may be so, but there is, alas, too much evidence at hand of a resort to the methods of barbarism to justify the comfortable belief that modern civilization has as yet shed all the savage instincts of primitive man. Barbarism has been defined as 'the absence of standards to which appeal can be made,' and in this sense the term is not inapplicable to much of our modern civilization. But however that may be, it is certain that the old confidence in gold remains essentially unshaken. Neither men nor governments can be cajoled into placing their trust in anything else. And after some of their recent experiences, who will blame them?

VI

We are not much impressed by all this talk about a new era in human affairs. Much of it seems to us grossly exaggerated. What is it that has changed? Not the human element. The economic man of today, engaged in the pursuit of what he fondly conceives to be his own happiness with the least possible expenditure of human effort, does not appear to differ materially from his fellow men before the War.

After due allowance is made for the inevitable waste of competition, is there any reasonable ground for supposing that the economic man of today, the former profit-motive having been suppressed, will respond with equal force and efficiency to the new methods of State management? The more refined technique of modern economic analysis has only served to throw into sharper relief the persistence of the silent economic forces which man opposes at his peril; it is

only by coöperating with them that he can hope to turn them to his advantage.

No one will deny that governments are less corrupt and more efficient than in Adam Smith's day, but can it be said that they have shown a corresponding growth in wisdom? The increasing complexity of business activities, due to the great strides made in science, in technology and in the subdivision of labor, is an argument for less rather than more interference on the part of the State. In time of trouble there is a natural tendency to turn to outside agencies for help, when in truth we know that there is no help save in ourselves, in our own virtue and in our own will. Salvation is not to be found in political machinery. To suppose that tariffs are going to recover for us our lost trade, or that by currency manipulation we can restore our former prosperity is to dwell in a world of illusion. Whatever else may be said for it, it is certainly not economic in a time of depression to relax individual effort and to weaken the driving force of competition by a resort to protection. Circumstances may change, but human nature does not, or, at any rate, only very slowly. Principles, if they are sound principles, are immutable. They embody the gathered-up wisdom and experience of the past, and are not lightly to be cast aside like a suit of clothes because they have ceased to meet the fashion of the day.

It is said that we are all Socialists now. No doubt that is partly true, but it hardly seems a reason for going the whole way with the Socialists, at any rate until we have received more convincing testimony than they have yet been able to furnish of their capacity

to deliver the goods they promise so lavishly. It may not always be wise to oppose an unyielding resistance to the spirit of the age, but it is folly to sacrifice to it all that is good in the past. Wisdom does not lie in the extremes of ideology, in either Fascism or Communism or Socialism, but in a discreet moderation. The resources of Capitalism and Individualism are by no means exhausted, and altruism is still far from being sufficiently developed to justify the belief that we might safely rely on it as an adequate substitute for the expectation of profit as an incentive to production. The British people have a genius for com-

promise. It ought not to pass the wit of man to contrive a *via media* along which Capitalism and Socialism might travel together without jostling each other into the gutter. Is it not possible to arrive at a compromise between them and, avoiding the extremes of Right and Left, to retain at least a remnant of the personal liberty we still enjoy by continuing to rely in the main on the money-making motive for the fulfillment of those economic activities which may safely be left to the individual, and to reserve for the State the social services which, if not done by the State, would not be done at all?

LET'S GET SENSIBLE, WHAT?

By MILES TOMALIN

From the *Left Review*, London Marxist Monthly

My dear old chap, it's just a farce
To talk about the working clarge,
They don't exist, or if they do
They're better off than me and you.
Of course we've got some unemployed,
But that's a thing we can't avoid,
And what is more, it doesn't stop
The Man who Means to Get on Top.
The chaps with guts, old fellow, guts
Jump to White Houses from Log Huts.
You see, old chap, it's plain enough
That Socialism's so much blough.

What Britain does is of immense importance to world peace. The following articles expose the real masters of Downing Street and their aims, and forecast what the consequences will be if their grip is not broken.

Reflections *on* Downing Street

I. LIBERALISM BETRAYED

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE plain man may well be bewildered by the present phase of British foreign policy. He does not know whether Mr. Chamberlain's letter to the Duce means that he is to be regarded as a friend or as a rival whose imperial ambitions are incompatible with British interests. He wonders whether we are arming against Germany, as some people tell him, or whether, as so much else seems to suggest, we are really the best of friends with the Führer in spite of the expulsion of our correspondents, our alliance with France, our reputed support of democracy and our membership in the League. Certainly it is a complicated and confusing period. But once we realize that the basic principles and methods of diplomacy have not been even modified by all

the New World promises of statesmen in the post-War flush of idealism, it is not difficult to perceive at least the drift of the policy which underlies the superficial contradictions.

The foreign policies of nations are continuous; they are not changed by alternating governments, by fluctuations in public opinion, by scraps of paper like the Covenant of the League of Nations. When they are modified it is as the result of technical advances in communications or in the art of warfare, which may have much the same effect on national security as a change in those unchangeable facts of geography on which the traditional policy was originally based. Thus British policy has been founded on an insular security, on sea-power as the guarantee for the shipping on which

our standard of life depended. Feeling secure, we have periodically enjoyed the luxury of sympathizing with and sometimes of using our diplomatic influence on behalf of popular causes abroad, but we have only regarded it as wise to run the risk of war when our foreign possessions or trade routes were threatened or when a strong and possibly hostile Power menaced the neutrality of the Low Countries.

Today it is clear that this policy has not been modified by our nominal acceptance of the obligations of the Covenant and that any changes are due to the air threat to our insular security. Our new vulnerability provides an additional justification to the British ruling class for betraying the League and abandoning its occasional support of popular causes abroad.

The real reason, however, for supporting the aggressor rather than his victim is that this ruling class, once Liberal in outlook, is now above everything afraid of the Socialist challenge to its privileged position. Ideology and class interest unite in support of a policy of favoring the Fascist aggression in so far as it aims at suppressing popular liberties. Resistance only begins where Fascism threatens British vital interests. Hence the apparent duality of policy, but the real continuity of a quite logical and coherent diplomatic line.

II

A Foreign Minister is almost inevitably in the hands of his officials. They are permanent; he is temporary. They are expert, he at best no more than a gifted amateur. They have the day-by-day control of a world-wide

machine which by the very nature of its ceaseless routine involves the acceptance of a tradition and guarantees the power of the nation for purposes well understood by other countries. Britain could only have genuinely supported the League if Sir Robert Vansittart and Sir Maurice Hankey, the Permanent Under-Secretaries, had believed in it, and to them it was so much childishness.

British policy has therefore gone on its old lines; apparent deviations have been due to the contrast between the actualities of foreign policy, conducted by the Foreign Office, and the public utterances of politicians whose job has been, with varying degrees of sincerity, to voice the idealism of the public, and whose talk about the League, collective security and the rest of it has masked effectively the policy that was actually being pursued. Today it is obvious to everyone that Mr. Eden's no doubt honest belief in the collective system has served to carry the Foreign Office around an awkward corner, due to the accidental exposure of the real situation at the time of the Laval-Hoare proposals. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned and Mr. Eden took his place. But the change did not help Ethiopia, save the League or, for that matter, make British policy over Spain any more honest than it had been over Ethiopia.

The Laval-Hoare incident gave away the whole show. The actualities of British diplomatic action were consistent right up to the withdrawal, as the result of political pressure, of the proposals which on Foreign Office assumptions were a natural end to the whole affair. As long as Italy did not interfere with British interests the Foreign Office took no moral or dog-

in-the-manger objection to Italian expansion; hence the British-Italian discussions on spheres of interest in 1925, the Maffey Committee's inquiry when Mussolini raised the question of the future of Ethiopia again in January, 1935, Mr. Eden's generous offer of Zeila to prevent war and the awkward consequences of having the subject raised at Geneva, and finally the detailed scheme worked out by the Foreign Offices of Rome, Paris and London, presented to Sir Samuel Hoare and signed by him in Paris.

The only snag was that we, the Italians and the Ethiopians were all members of the League, and that after many years of political education the public, as the Peace Ballot showed, had begun to realize that we were pledged to a quite new kind of foreign policy which involved coöperating with other countries to stop wars.

This public opinion was not strong enough to force a League policy upon the Government, but it was strong enough to make a Government which wished to be returned to office promise to carry out a League policy which the Foreign Office regarded as so much irrelevant nonsense. Hence the outcry and the withdrawal, followed by the official conclusion that the League was no longer a useful cover to keep the public quiet, but a menace, only to be tolerated in future if it was reduced to a mere talking shop, like the old Hague Conferences, where pacifists could blow off steam.

The Spanish war came as another troublesome intrusion, postponing a full settlement with Italy. The fact that to support the Popular Front Government would have made this settlement impossible was in itself a

sufficient reason for conniving at intervention, even if hatred of Russia, of Socialism and the 'popular front' idea had not in any case made the Foreign Office prefer Franco's victory. Hence the present bargaining and the suggestions that a settlement may be reached in the early autumn. By that time Mussolini may be prepared to renew guarantees about the Balearics and about his other air bases in the Mediterranean and perhaps about his anti-British broadcasts to stir up trouble in Palestine and elsewhere—it being clearly understood that we recognize his conquest of Ethiopia at the first tactful moment and raise no serious objections to coöperating in arrangements that make Franco's victory probable.

The difficulty here is that Mussolini is quite likely again to double-cross us, and that he is only pretending to be agreeable to being bought off from his alliance with Berlin. Hence the more careful approach, the emphasis on Britain's new strength in the air, and the more weighty and direct interposition of the Premier.

III

With the Mediterranean danger eased, if not removed, the far more serious problem of Germany could be more easily tackled. There are, no doubt, members of the Cabinet, as there are influential Conservatives like Mr. Churchill outside the Cabinet, who do not conceive it possible to buy off Germany, who want to reconstruct the League as a bulwark against further Fascist aggression. But the policy of the Foreign Office and of Mr. Chamberlain is to placate Germany and to disentangle Britain from all

obligations (they are not military obligations under the Covenant) to oppose a German advance in Central or Southeastern Europe. The obstacle involved in disentangling ourselves is not the Covenant of the League. That has been disregarded before and can be disregarded again, even if Article XVI is not formally expunged. The obstacle is our alliance with France, an alliance which we cannot in any circumstances avoid because of the overriding necessity of securing the Rhineland against another German invasion. Hence the strange sight of Britain, even while arranging for the fullest military coöperation with France against Germany, doing everything to isolate France from her other allies, happily agreeing to the German-Polish pact, and struggling first to prevent and then to render nugatory the Franco-Soviet pact. As a result of the weakening of her alliances, of the Belgian declaration of neutrality and of Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland, France has lost her power of initiative, and is now more than ever subservient to Britain.

With the League and the French alliances out of the way, democracy surviving precariously, if at all, in France and presumably reduced to a bleeding pulp in Spain, the arguments for British adherence to the Fascist bloc will certainly be powerful. It will be too late to help democracy anywhere, even if a Government arrived in this country determined to do so. It will be too late, even if the will exists, to prevent German domination on the Continent. But it will not, it is calculated, be too late to prevent Germany advancing in the West: if Britain is powerful enough the West-

ern adventure will not be worth while.

Here is the real point of British rearmament. It is not to be 'used against Germany,' but as a powerful bargaining counter in an understanding that German expansion shall be to the East. In the world of diplomacy you build armaments in order to make friendships because the only kind of friendship understood is the sort that exists among thieves—a calculation that to share out is safer than to shoot.

If this line of policy develops—and it looks today as if it well might—the world picture in a few years' time is of the British Empire and the United States holding their own, Europe dominated by Fascism, and Russia and China regarded as spheres of colonization and expansion for Germany and Japan. The date of the war—for Russia is not, like China, practically helpless against mechanized invasion—would still be as uncertain as its extent.

There are, of course, other possibilities. Hitler is incalculable: he may defeat the best efforts of his friends to make a German-British *entente*. There is another perhaps unlikely possibility which so acute an observer as Pertinax thinks worth discussing. If the Franco-Soviet pact is undermined and the League reduced to a farce, may not the U.S.S.R. try to save itself from a dangerous isolation by returning to her old Rapallo policy of friendship with Germany? It may be that the 'ideological' hatred is now too great, and it seems that those most favorable to a German agreement are those whom Stalin is now executing or disgracing. Nevertheless, Stalin is a realist and, if Russia is really isolated, he may be prepared to see a renewal of those

approaches from Germany which, diplomatic circles are well aware, have actually been set on foot by Hitler within the last two years. Perhaps this possibility, unlikely as it now seems, may be keeping Sir Robert Vansittart

and Mr. Chamberlain awake at night. In any case, it must act as a spur to the National Government's desire to make a full settlement with Hitler as quickly as possible at almost any cost to democracy or decency.

II. IS BRITAIN REARMING FOR PEACE?

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*, London Independent Monthly

WE BRITONS have just embarked upon a gigantic policy of rearmament. Its purpose is defense, and every sane man, pacifist or anti-pacifist, whether he believes the armament necessary or unnecessary, wise or unwise, desires, since the armament is now a fact, that it shall have the effect of defending us without war—that the 'silent' effect of its power will be to deter aggression and preserve peace.

Now this it can do only if certain political conditions are fulfilled; if, that is, our Government attends to certain matters that are not military or naval matters at all. If these non-military affairs are neglected or badly managed, our armament, however great we might make it, our military and naval preparation, however complete, will fail to deter aggression. It will fail, that is, to save us from being compelled to choose between abject surrender of the very things we are supposed to be defending or entering into war in which, whether we win or lose, we shall be in danger of being swallowed up and destroyed.

There are not many things in politics, especially in international politics, about which we can be certain. But of the statement just made, that only by

the creation of certain political conditions can military force be made effective for defense, we can be as certain as of the statement that though a man dig his garden ever so industriously, he will not get potatoes unless he plants potatoes, and that eloquence about the necessity and virtue of digging will be beside the point if he omits to put in the seed.

Yet this undeniable truth is commonly denied, or rather, ignored from a curious admixture of motives, prominent among them being the feeling that if only we have the ships and guns and planes and men, the rest does not particularly matter, that politicians can then do their worst. Yet the demonstration of experience is tragic.

When Britain had much greater power than she can ever have again—had on her side the power, not only of France and Belgium, but of Russia, of Italy, of Japan, of the United States—aggression was not prevented, victory was a near thing and, when it came, did not give us security.

The World War could have been prevented had Germany known beforehand that she would have to meet the forces which she did finally meet. Had she been able to foresee the resist-

ance which her policy would encounter, she would not have followed that policy, and there would have been no war.

This is merely, of course, a concrete statement in terms of events of an undeniable abstract truth. A party—person or nation—can only be deterred by force from doing something if he (*a*) knows beforehand what particular act will bring the force into play, (*b*) believes that it will be brought into play if he commits the act, and (*c*) that it will not be brought into play if he refrains.

II

These truths are childishly simple. Yet they are usually turned upside down. We are warned, just now, to avoid 'commitment.' 'Commitments,' we are told, have the result of 'turning local wars into world wars.'

Again let us look at facts.

In 1914 a quarrel, so local that it began with a murder in a Balkan town, developed into a world war. Why? Because the whole world, including distant America, was 'entangled' in 'collective commitments?' They did not exist. Not only is it a fact that the whole world became entangled although this particular kind of commitment did not exist, but, as we have seen, it became entangled *because* the commitments did not exist.

Obligations are confused with liabilities. Nothing is commoner than to hear the rhetorical question: 'Would you have Britain undertake to fight for Czechoslovakia?' Well, Britain had no undertaking to fight for Serbia, no obligation of any kind. But we were soon to discover that we had appalling liabilities. Our liabilities would have been less if our obligations had been

more. We did not diminish our risks by avoiding commitment: we increased them.

Note certain other of the political conditions of effective defense and their relation to the major consideration just indicated. Allies are indispensable to our defense. In the War we had a round dozen. If our defense is not 'collective' in this sense of being made in conjunction with others, there can be no defense at all. We recognize that truth so far as France is concerned and we are committed to defend her soil. Imagine that we have to implement that solemn, unmistakable promise, and we find ourselves, as we found ourselves in 1914, attempting with our French allies to stem an onslaught from the East. If at that moment of jeopardy a great military State like Russia offered her help, should we refuse? The British Government that did so would be torn from office. Yet again, when this indubitable fact is pointed out, the usual reply is that 'it will be time enough to consider the point when the occasion arises.' But it will be too late to prevent, to deter aggression. If our hesitations beforehand have been such as to create in the mind of the potential aggressor the belief that he can rule out the probability of Russian coöperation with us, we shall have made once more the same tragic error which made the power of the Allies impotent to prevent the Great War.

But our position would be even worse if indispensable allies had been 'eliminated' beforehand. What would have been our chances in the war if Russia and America had not supported us and Japan and Italy had been on the other side? But the elimination of allies necessary to us can be achieved

far more easily and cheaply by political and diplomatic than by military means. Whatever our degree of armament, our defeat is sure provided certain necessary allies can be disposed of, 'neutralized,' and certain lines of communication rendered indefensible.

Our policy of late seems to have achieved both ends. Note how.

III

We are an Asiatic as well as an European empire. The defense of India and the Antipodes depends upon the maintenance of a certain position in the Far East. Japan threatens it, by a challenge more defiant and menacing than any heretofore leveled at the Empire. Our power of resistance is adequate only if we can count upon the potential support, economic and political, if not military, of China, Russia and the United States. Yet, when at the beginning of the Japanese challenge to us the United States offered full coöperation in resistance to Japanese demands, we refused the offer so coldly and curtly as gravely to offend the American Administration. We took sides, not with China, but with Japan (by an embargo on arms which did not in the least embarrass Japan but did China, and by our declaration that we regarded Japanese aggression as a 'distant dispute in which we were not concerned'). We continued to quarrel with Russia. Despite an alignment of interest in which on the one side there was Japan (with an iron production half that of Belgium and a coal production one seventh) and on the other China, Russia, the United States, Britain and Australia, we retreated before the threats of Japan to the cheers of our

Imperialists, some of whom suggested that we offer her our alliance.

Note the almost immediate repercussions.

Here was an Asiatic State of narrow resources challenging the power of Great Britain, the United States, Russia and China—and getting away with it. Mussolini—apostle of expansion by the sword, of the creed that the world is for the strong, would-be creator of a great Italian Empire, rebuilder of that of Rome, determined to make the Mediterranean 'our sea'—has made it quite plain in his public declarations that he was enormously impressed by the spectacle.

In due course he struck and saw repeated exactly the same phenomena revealed in the Japanese case: first, notifications that Britain would not resist by arms (Mussolini would have a free hand); secondly, his victim would be handicapped by an 'embargo to both sides,' which was no embarrassment to Italy but was crippling to Ethiopia; thirdly, moral support for Italy on the part of many British Imperialists.

De Bono's book has revealed the fact (as Mr. Stimson's book revealed facts in the Far Eastern crisis, not realized at the time) that had Britain stood firm in resistance to Italian aggression, even though she had had to drag M. Laval after her, Italy would not have gone on with the adventure. Far from doing this, the Government did what it did in the Japanese case—made it plain beforehand that Britain would not fight. Not as a confession with apology, but with pride, does Sir John Simon declare that he would not risk a single ship for Ethiopia—a declaration which

not only gives away the position to Italy, but reveals that evidently from the first the fundamentals of the position had been misconceived. It was not for Ethiopia that the ship would have been risked, but for the Empire, for international order.

As it is, Mussolini, to the surprise of his General Staff, and probably to his own, has had a resounding success: has built in a few months an empire which constitutes a great potential reservoir of black power, of native armies, stationed along British frontiers, in a position to menace the Canal, to make the whole Eastern Mediterranean position all but impossible. Two eminent South African statesmen declared at the time of Italy's *coup* that if she had a cheap and easy success in Ethiopia it would be the end of the British Empire. That may well be an exaggeration. But no one can deny that what has happened in Ethiopia greatly increases the jeopardy of the British position on the Canal and in the Eastern Mediterranean.

IV

Just after the Ethiopian conquest Mussolini declared that Italy was now a 'satisfied' State. It had been frequently argued that if we did not gratuitously quarrel with Italy over Ethiopia we could come to a bargain with her about our respective positions in the Mediterranean so that her new source of power 'at the back door of the Canal' need not disturb us. On the assumption that she now entered the category of 'satisfied States,' we did in fact make a 'gentlemen's agreement' respecting the Mediterranean. And within a few months of the statement about being 'satisfied' and of

the 'gentlemen's agreement' we find Italian armies in Spain. The presence of those Italian armies could have no meaning in terms of Italian policy except as their ultimate purpose was to do in the Western Mediterranean what had already been done in the Eastern—to undermine the power of Britain in 'our sea.'

After the 'gentlemen's agreement' a further undertaking was given by Italy—on February 20, 1937. It was an agreement for ending intervention in Spain, a preface to the withdrawal of 'volunteers' (Franco's rapid victory at that date seemed assured). Three weeks later, on March 13, Mussolini telegraphs perfervid (and premature) congratulations to the commander of the Italian forces on the Guadalajara front expressing the hope and faith that Italian victories in Spain will continue.

The following day in Libya Mussolini had himself proclaimed 'Protector of Islam.' A few days later the Italian army on the Guadalajara front was beaten; and a few days after that, the time having come for the Non-intervention Committee to consider in detail the means of carrying out the agreement to withdraw foreign troops from Spain (an agreement to which Italy was party), Count Grandi rose and declared that *not a single Italian volunteer would leave Spanish soil until the end of the Civil War*. The names of Italian soldiers who fall in Spain are to be engraved on the same war memorials in Italy which contain the names of those fallen in Ethiopia. Why not? They, too, had fallen to make the Mediterranean 'our sea' and to lay the strategic foundations of a new Roman Empire.

And Germany? She, too, reënters

the Western Mediterranean. Where she failed in establishing herself in Morocco in 1911 she may succeed to-day. With a foothold in Morocco, Gibraltar can be neutralized; with one in the Canaries, the Cape route can also be made dangerous.

But the Spanish episode introduces a new element, a new technique of aggression, which is more sinister as a menace to the Empire than anything which the two preceding cases reveal. It is a technique of invasion and conquest without declaration of war at all, by means of intervention in the affairs of foreign States; a technique most especially applicable to the undermining of the British Empire.

Note its nature. To a dissatisfied minority in a given country a foreign government intimates: 'If you care to rebel, we will supply you the means—warmaterial and "volunteers." Then, when you have captured the government, you can repay us with a few submarine bases, coaling stations, what not.'

The success of such methods will constitute a standing invitation, or bribe, to military adventurers in a dozen territories where Britain has to meet the discontent of minorities. Not for nothing has Mussolini proclaimed himself 'the ordained protector of Islam and the Moslem world.' The possibilities of the claim as a tool for the disruption of the Empire jumps to the eyes. Yet, again, many of our Imperialists defend the use of this method, applaud those who adopt it.

V

Apart from this sinister new development the Germano-Italian invasion of Spain is met by a policy on the part

of Britain similar to that adopted in the previous cases. Normal international law demanded that the established Spanish Government, which we not only recognized but continue to recognize, should get arms from abroad. So we abrogate established law in favor of 'embargo to both sides,' which does not really embarrass the German and Italian invaders, but greatly embarrasses the legal Spanish Government in resistance to them. Second stage—clear notification that the invader will not encounter active resistance of any kind from us. 'Our policy,' says Mr. Eden, 'is non-intervention.' It may not be observed by others. 'But the fact, however regrettable, does not cause us in any way to modify our decision.' It is, applied to the Spanish affair, the same order of reasoning as that employed in the Ethiopian: 'Our policy is sanctions, but if you threaten trouble we shall drop them.'

We risked war in 1911 when Germany proposed to establish a foothold in Morocco. We would not even allow the possession of Ceuta by France. It is quite clear now that if Germany or Italy did create such bases as would render Gibraltar useless (no formal cession of territory is necessary) making the Mediterranean line of communication untenable, we should submit.

Which brings us to the third point where the Spanish business duplicates the story of the other two: that cause, the triumph of which would be most dangerous to British security, is precisely the cause which so many British Imperialists have espoused as their very own—as when they champion the cause of Franco and his German and Italian allies. Whatever the explanation, the fact of the attitude, repeated

time after time when foreign nations challenge the position of the Empire, has an importance that is not appreciated.

The importance resides in this: it indicates to potential aggressors that the will to resist a process which must undermine the Empire is not present. Throughout this long story of retreat the superficial explanation has been that we had not the power to resist. But spokesmen for great sections of our public have in each of these cases said plainly: 'If we *had* the power to resist Japan in China, Italy in Ethiopia and at the gates of the Canal, Germany and Italy in the Western Mediterranean, Germany in establishing an European hegemony, we ought not to dream of doing it. Even if it could be done without war or considerable risk of war, we ought not to oppose the Japanese domination of China, the extension of Italian power in Africa and the Eastern Mediterranean, Germany's domination of Central Europe, her establishment in the Western Mediterranean. We welcome these developments.'

Such views have been expressed, not once or twice this last six or seven years, but literally on hundreds of occasions; in newspaper leading articles, by eminent publicists and politicians, often with passion and apparent conviction.

VI

So large and important is the section of British opinion which supports that policy that it would be strange indeed if it did not find representation in the Cabinet. And, as we have seen, members of the Cabinet have made statements which in effect mean: the Japanese aggressions are a distant

matter that do not touch our interests; resistance to the march of Italy toward empire is not worth the risk of a single ship.

But when Cabinet Ministers express such a view, or eminent Sunday journalists recommend (as one did recently) that Germany be encouraged to form a Germanic federation comprising what is at present Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Poland, we are not told at all why, if such a policy is acceptable today, we fought the greatest war in our history to prevent Germany carrying it out in 1914. We believed then and said, also on hundreds of occasions, often through the same newspapers, the same eminent publicists and the same statesmen, that a Germany which could dominate Europe to the extent just indicated would place the British Empire in a position in which it could not possibly defend itself. Never is it explained why things have so altered that a situation fatal to the life of the Empire in 1914 becomes acceptable and harmless in 1937.

There has throughout been a genuine fear and hatred of war. But is indefinite retreat before aggression, a progressive weakening of our defensive position the way to defend ourselves against war? 'We will only fight,' says the Pacifist-Imperialist, 'if and when some vital interest is directly attacked.' Yet if some small remote Colony were invaded by a 'have-not' Power, we should go to war to defend the possession, though the possession of British Honduras or the Seychelles Islands is certainly not a 'vital interest.' Economically and strategically they do not matter two straws. Why, then, should we rightly engage in war with a

first-class Power, if necessary, in order to defend them?

Because we know that once we surrender the principle that our territory must be inviolate, none of it will be safe. So long as it is known that we *will* fight to defend it, no fighting is necessary. Our power operates as defense without war. But this same truth applies where our security is dependent upon respect of any other principle indispensable to our defense—the inviolability of allies as much as the inviolability of territory.

Earlier in this article it has been pointed out that this country cannot possibly defend itself against the great Powers of the modern world without allies. It could not have done so even in 1914, when all the circumstances were much more favorable to us than they could ever be again. But 'waiting until we are ourselves attacked' means waiting until all our potential allies are eliminated and our strategic position rendered indefensible. Imagine a position in which Japan and Germany together have managed so to divide and organize China that the latter's resources in material and men are available for the Japanese domination of Asia; that, following the technique now being pursued by Germany and Italy in Spain, a Fascist Government has been established in Russia and Russia made an ally of the Fascist combination. Germany is still without colonies (the absence of which she regards, it would seem, as a deadly insult) and Italy still has to face the fact that the Mediterranean is not 'our sea.'

If at that moment the 'have-not' States, Germany and Italy, make certain demands—Germany that all her colonies be returned, Italy that Britain

evacuate Malta, Cyprus, Aden, Suez, the Sudan and recognize an Italian protectorate in Egypt, Iran and Palestine—if such demands *were* made in those circumstances, circumstances in which Germany dominated the whole continent without any sort of question, in which Gibraltar was neutralized by Italo-German bases in Morocco and the Balearics, the Mediterranean route further threatened by Italian bases in Ethiopia, and the Cape route menaced by Italo-German bases in the Canaries, what would be the hopes of effective defense?

The trouble with the pacifist argument used by Imperialists to justify retreat is that it is used by those who do not believe it, who are not prepared to carry the argument and the retreat far enough to be effective as a war-preventing policy. The fact of rearmament constitutes a reaffirmation of our determination to defend our Empire, of engaging in war if that is the only alternative to surrender of interests vital to the Empire. It means that as a nation we do not subscribe to the pacifist doctrine; that, rightly or wrongly, we regard certain things like submission to foreign dictatorship as worse than war.

VII

When, therefore, we find eminent advocates of rearmament subscribing to the doctrine that 'it is absurd and contradictory to attempt to maintain peace by threatening to go to war,' severely deprecating the threat of force where the maintenance of peace is involved, suggesting that 'coercion and the spirit of peace are incompatible,' it is clear they have not faced the obvious fact that all armed defense is

'an attempt to maintain peace by threatening to go to war.' The very existence of our arms is a notification to foreigners: 'If you do certain things we shall go to war with you, "coerce" you to prevent your doing those particular things' (which, as all our history shows, include many things besides the invasion of our territory).

If we desire to make our power a means of preventing war, instead of being merely a part of the means by which we may win wars into which we 'stagger and blunder,' we must make known beforehand the policy, the status, the conditions whose maintenance we regard as defense—for which we would fight.

If we merely say to the 'have-not' States: 'We own a quarter of the world and propose to deny you any rights of any kind in that area,' then we shall get war, for the 'have-not' States will take immense risks to alter those conditions. What we should say is this:—

'In the territory which is non-self-governing we will give you equal rights with ourselves; are prepared to have grievances investigated; are ready to develop as much as possible the

principle of umpire, third-party judgment, to enlarge the organs of peaceful change; are prepared, further, to offer you the same principles of defense we claim for ourselves. We shall fight if needs be, not to maintain an Empire closed against you, but to see that it is not conquered by you in order that you may close it against us; not for the *status quo*, but against change of the *status quo* by your force, on your sole decision; we shall fight, not for the purpose of being judge in our own cause—for we offer third-party judgment—but to see that you as the other litigant do not become the judge.

'For the defense of these principles we are ready to enter into alliance with all who stand by them, to form a defensive confederation based on the principle that an attack on one is an attack on all. It is open to you to join it when you are ready to abide by its conditions.'

If we make it increasingly clear that our power is for the purpose of defending those principles, then it will make for peace. Otherwise, however great, it will not defend us and will not prevent war.

MAY NOT BE TRUE!

Japanese industrialists foresee a boom in the heavy industries now that Japan is virtually at war; they are depressed, however, at the prospects of the Finance Ministry restricting profits.

—*Reuter Dispatch*

An interesting view of the question of 'war guilt' in the Far East by an Indian; and a vivid account of China's *risorgimento* by an English journalist.

Cathay *versus* Nihon

I. ASSESSING THE GUILT

By P. KODANDA RAO

From the *Servant of India*, the Weekly Organ of the Servants of India Society, Published in Poona

JAPAN is a small country with limited natural resources, but with a growing population and a rising standard of living. The consequent economic pressure can be relieved either by emigration to less populated areas of the world or by the export of Japanese manufactured goods, or by both. Yet both these means of relief are being increasingly denied to Japan. The less densely populated areas such as the United States and the British Dominions of Canada, New Zealand and Australia on the Pacific ring have been closed to Japanese immigration. Exports of Japanese manufactured goods have also been increasingly restricted by means of tariffs, quotas and other methods. The development of Japan is thus being arrested. Either Japan must commit *barakiri* or break through the fence that has been put

around her. The United States and the British Dominions are too powerful to be challenged, the former because of her own strength and the latter because of the solidarity and strength of the British Empire. The weakest spot in the fence is China and that is the only place where Japan can break through. However unchivalrous, and indeed cowardly and immoral, the procedure may be or seem to be, the racial and economic policies of the Pacific countries controlled by the white nations leave Japan no option but to break into China.

If the policies of Japan toward China are unethical and immoral, so are the policies of the white nations toward Japan and colored peoples generally. Japan is merely following the policies followed by the dominant

Christian white nations during the last several centuries with less economic justification than Japan has today.

It is very doubtful if standards of international morality have changed in recent decades. It is sometimes urged that the predatory policies of the last century are no longer moral in the present century. This is said by the very people who act like the dog in the manger, preferring to keep vacant lands undeveloped rather than permit the Japanese and others from over-populated lands to exploit them. If, therefore, the action of Japan is immoral, so were and still are the actions of their accusers and exemplars; which only means that economic necessities have little respect for the Sermon on the Mount.

It was in virtue of this necessity that Manchukuo was created. And now a similar experiment is being attempted in North China.

II

Manchukuo was not enough. The economic resources of North China are greatly superior to those of Manchukuo. North China is a large cotton-growing area; it produces most of the coal in China; it contains half the iron ore in China and is very rich in cereals. North China can supply the raw materials which Japanese industries need much better than Manchukuo.

Other peoples, like the British, have not found it necessary to come into violent conflict with China in order to trade with her; in fact, they seem to have discovered that trade by consent is more profitable than trade by coercion. Why may not Japan do like-

wise? The answer is that these other countries, though they have not in current times sought political control over Chinese territory, have other countries over which they have found it necessary to obtain or maintain political control in order to trade. In fact, commercial nations are finding it increasingly essential to have political control over the nations they wish to trade with for the sake of security and continuity of that trade.

In the pursuit of Japan's policy of obtaining political control over as large and as rich an area in China as possible, the time element is a vital factor. China is at the moment the weakest spot in the fence around Japan. But the situation is not static. China is consolidating and may become, if permitted, the most powerful single State in the world. If ever that stage is reached, China will be as impregnable as the United States or the British Empire are now. Then it will be too late to seek political control over any part of China. And in view of past history it is perfectly clear that trade by consent with a strong and consolidated China will be much more difficult than with any other nation.

Political control is essential, and it had to be sought before China's consolidation proceeded any further. Aggression was essential, and it had to be undertaken whatever the sacrifices it may involve. Such sacrifices are long-term investments.

'Autonomous States' sound better and pay better than annexations. Mandates, protectorates and autonomous States have an ethical aroma about them, while annexations grate against ethical postulates. Like all other imperial nations, Japan has

learned that indirect rule pays better than direct rule: fewer responsibilities and more profits. A direct threat of annexation might drive all the Chinese into one hostile camp, while the offer of autonomous States would win over the puppet rulers and their dependents to the Japanese side, and the Chinese would fight the Chinese for the benefit of the Japanese.

There would thus seem to be an inevitability about the conflict between Japan and China, and the longer

Japan postponed it the more disadvantageous would be her position. Once the crisis was precipitated, the prudential considerations of General Chiang Kai-shek had to be swept aside and the bloody issue joined, regardless of China's chances.

The ultimate responsibility for this war must rest not only on China and Japan but many another nation. It is only when there is free emigration and free trade that such conflicts will be avoided. But that day is far off.

II. A SLEEPY LION AWAKES

By HARRISON BROWN

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

OUTSIDE the *yamen* of the Provincial Governor of Suiyuan there stands a stone lion. Nothing unusual in that. Snarling stone lions guard many gates across China; often they are so covered with dust that the snarl seems a comical grin. But on the pedestal of this lion up in Inner Mongolia four characters have been carved: 'Wake up, sleepy lion!' Past the lion, across a great courtyard, in a small room in the heart of the *yamen*, I was interviewing the Chinese Commander-in-Chief of the Suiyuan campaign. He had come from the front, and was dressed like his soldiers. 'Two days ago our troops captured Pailingmiao,' he told me. 'It was a sharp engagement but the enemy is routed.' Chinese soldiers had beaten Mongols officered by Japanese and using Japanese guns and airplanes.

The scene changes. I am in another *yamen* three hundred miles from the first, far across the Great Wall. This headquarters is more elaborate and

lies far from the fighting line, deep within the double walls of the old city of Taiyuan. The man before me is one of the most important war-lords in China, Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, Commissioner of Shansi and Suiyuan. We have been talking a long time and come at last to the main point, the new Japanese aggression up in Inner Mongolia. Marshal Yen speaks quietly: 'Not only will China cede no more territory; she must regain her lost provinces, and by her own power. That is how the nation feels today, and the nation is right.'

Again the scene changes and again I have traveled hundreds of miles, through the bare dusty lands of Western China, where camel trains pad down the dried riverbeds and no white men are seen. I have crossed the Yellow River, am in another walled city, and before me is another war-lord. He is round-faced and bullet-headed, younger than the other two. He seems keyed up and excited.

Suddenly he leans forward and taps me upon the knee. 'Listen,' he says. 'There have been many examples in history of a strong Power attacking a weaker one, seizing some territory and holding it. If this was the case with Manchuria it would be bad enough. But it isn't that way.' He ticked off on his fingers the encroachments of the Japanese Army; first Manchuria, then Jehol, then Chahar; penetration into North China; penetration into Fukien; now the attack on Suiyuan.

'Where is it going to stop?' asked the young man. 'Why should it stop at all, unless we ourselves cry a halt? Are we to wait until they are on the Yangtze? We did not want to fight Japan or anyone else, but they give us no alternative.' His voice sank and he leaned back in his chair, but his eyes bored as keenly as ever. 'There is a new China today. The world may not believe it yet. They will see. Young China demands that we *shall* resist the invader. Young China is right.'

Chang Hsueh-liang marched out of my bedroom in Sian, to be swallowed up among the crowd of secret police, war-lords and bodyguards who then swarmed in the hotel. Chang marched to his destiny. Forty-eight hours later this 'Young Marshal' had arrested the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. On the outcome of that incident has turned the history of the Orient. For Chiang Kai-shek was considered 'pro-Japanese.' At Sian he was put on the spot by his subordinate officers and confronted with the people's demand for a firmer resistance.

II

One more interview I will quote, this time from the far-away Province

of Kwangsi, on the borders of French Indo-China. I am in a little white tropical city, miles beyond any railroad. No fur caps to be seen here; there are cotton uniforms and conical straw hats for the soldiers; naked men on the junks on the great river; bamboo-hidden villages instead of mud-walled towns, a warm sun in midwinter.

Marshal Li Chung-yen is small and fiery; he talks much but is friendly. His partner, Marshal Pai Ching-hsi, is tall and morose. Six months before I met them they had revolted against Nanking, again on the Japanese question. The Kwangsi leaders demanded war on Japan; Chiang Kai-shek attacked them instead. Li's eyes glinted as he told me his version of events which had puzzled the world.

'Here in Kwangsi we were vastly outnumbered when the Central Government surrounded our frontiers. We resisted and the would-be invader withdrew. And that,' he said fiercely, 'is the attitude which I want the Central Government itself to adopt toward Japan.'

He paused a moment, then snapped out again: 'An invaded country cannot afford to bargain. It must defend itself. The more China resists the Japanese, the less will her territory be encroached upon, and the less, therefore, will be the threat to world peace. It is by weak-kneed concessions to bluff that peace is really endangered.'

And so it went on, throughout the three months that I spent wandering the interior of China; demonstrations by school children; demands by the soldiers; students in the freezing north giving up meals for a day and heated class-rooms for a week—in order to

send the money to the One Big Cause.

I ask a question about the political situation and am dragged across the road by my arm and planted before an enormous painting on the wall of a Merchants' Guildhouse. The painting shows a map of China with arrows indicating where the Japanese are in control. Manchuria is colored black and above it grins the Sun flag of Japan. On the black background Japanese troops are depicted bayoneting Chinese farmers. More Japanese troops stream through the Great Wall, which zigzags across the painting. But down in the South is a picture of China resurgent, armed and mounted, riding to resist the invader.

Again I am jogging in my ricksha through the Legation Quarter in Peiping. We are passing the Japanese barracks when suddenly Ssu, the ricksha boy, drops the shafts on the ground, almost spilling me out. With a face flushed with anger he turns to me, 'You likee Japanee, sir? You likee?'

III

Never has a race made itself more universally detested than the Japanese have on the mainland of Asia. And can one wonder? These people, who can be so charming at home, behaved abroad as the Italians behaved in Ethiopia or as their Nazi friends treat their own countrymen. Terror is their weapon and savage oppression their interpretation of the 'Kingly Way.' Murder, rape and robbery go on wholesale, not merely all over Manchuria but in North China as well, where the Japanese have established their own hired Chinese puppets in control of the Provincial Administration.

Not content with having trebled the traffic in narcotics and ruined the finances of China by their smuggling, they draft laborers wholesale to help build their own 'national line of defense' against the Chinese on Chinese soil. Individual atrocities are literally without number. I myself saw men beaten on railway platforms; I spoke with many who had seen murders and some who had themselves experienced torture. In Jehol two Chinese coolies inadvertently crossed the corner of a field which the Japanese had seized for an airdrome. They were then and there buried alive. In Northern Manchuria an old woman and a child were digging dandelions for food near a Japanese fort. They were shot down by the sentry on the wall. In Tientsin, which is already virtually a Japanese city, over 300 bodies were recently discovered within two days, floating in the river near the city. They were young coolies who had been used to dig secret fortifications and, like the slaves of old, had then been drowned to prevent their talking. It is no exaggeration to say that the West would not credit half the things which the Chinese have been experiencing under the Japanese.

They have had their effect. For the first time in Chinese history the illiterate masses have combined with the 'intellectuals' to stage a revolt. From all over China comes the cry: 'Down with the traitors! Forward against the devils from the Eastern sea!' And by 'traitors' they mean not only Chinese who have been bought outright by the Japanese, but all those in Nanking who are pussyfooting.

Nor are the masses of China remaining illiterate. In the past few years there has come a new alphabet,

reduced to a more normal number of characters. Millions have already learned to read by it. Children teach their elders, one village educates the next one. The avidity for education can be likened only to what happened in Russia after the Revolution. That is why what is happening in China today is so fundamental. In Shanghai I have seen a crowd of ricksha coolies milling before a classroom door, rushing in when it opened, scrambling to miss not one moment of their short lesson-time. They never wished to read before. They do not want to learn now in order to read poetry. They want to read in order to learn better how to kick out the Japanese.

IV

Japan has feared only one thing in China. Not Chiang Kai-shek or the Army or the League of Nations. They knew they could buy war-lords, bamboozle the Great Powers and defeat the Chinese Army with their machines. But Japan has feared a revolutionary movement among China's millions; for such a movement must necessarily be, above all, anti-Japanese. That movement they have created, and it alters the whole balance of forces against them.

Eighteen months ago China was on the verge of civil war. Today she is more united for one thing than at any time in her history. The Japanese militarists see history repeating itself. In 1931 they could have taken Siberia from Russia. They took Manchuria instead, and now Siberia cannot be taken. The Far Eastern Red Army has become too strong. The Japanese fear the same thing will happen in North China if the Tokyo industrialists

have their way and 'peaceful penetration' continues. They have therefore staged an 'incident,' on the strength of which they intend to force a show-down and, they hope, defeat China before unification makes it altogether impossible. General Sung Cheh-yuan, Chairman of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, has seen this coming. Although Sung has gone a long way to meet Japanese wishes, he would not repeat, on his own territory, the surrender of Manchuria. He has been away from his post for some time, those he has left behind will surrender, but China will fight.

The outcome is by no means certain victory for Japan. Numerically the Chinese are far stronger. They have some 2,500,000 men under arms and, though many of them are inadequately trained and poorly armed, a large number are as well equipped as the Japanese. As mercenaries the Chinese make poor fighting material, but roused as they are today to an unprecedented fervor of patriotism, most observers believe they will give a good account of themselves. Their weakness is the irregular quality of their air force and the fact that they lack airplane factories. As mechanics and pilots the Chinese are better than the Japanese.

Leaving aside the disadvantages of fighting in a thickly populated and hostile country, the position of the invaders is not encouraging. Japan has a standing army of seventeen divisions, approximately 250,000 men. Of these more than half are already on service abroad; the new campaign will mean that hundreds of thousands of reservists will have to be called to the colors in order to maintain the long-drawn lines of communication. Those

lines of communication themselves lie across hostile country. The Japanese have been in Korea for thirty years, but the Koreans hate them and only wait for a favorable opportunity to revolt. They have been in Manchuria six years and still have on their hands a perennial war there.

V

When I crossed the border recently from Korea to Manchuria, every spare corner of the train was filled, at the frontier station of Antung, with Japanese soldiers. They were the armed patrol, necessary to protect even this main-line railway from 'bandits.' Since Japan took Manchuria the country has cost the Japanese taxpayer at least 300 million gold dollars, some 5,000 Japanese lives, and over 200,000 evacuated for wounds and sickness. But it will not take many months of fighting in North China before this is doubled.

The Japanese have succeeded in convincing the world that all they have against them in Manchukuo are 'bandits,' and that these 'gangs' are being liquidated. On the spot they are not quite so naïve. They told me that if I went to one place I would do well to 'ride in the armored car with the machine-guns.'

The term 'bandit' in the Far East is elastic. In Manchukuo it is used to describe a scattered but organized force of nearly 150,000 men. Some of these troops are or have been real bandits, others are dispossessed farmers, both Chinese and Koreans, remnants of old armies, political refugees, deserters from the Manchukuoan Army and, although the Japanese strenuously deny it, even deserters from their own

Army who have turned anti-imperialist.

This mixed but cohesive force operates with the assistance of the Manchurian peasantry. They prove a formidable enemy and have often broken regular detachments sent against them, for they employ guerrilla tactics and the Japanese are routine fighters and hate all surprises. These Northeastern Anti-Japanese Allied Armies, as they call themselves, have been operating to hamper the Japanese occupation. If fighting breaks out on a large scale in North China, the Japanese will require enormously increased forces if they wish to hold Manchuria.

And all this costs money. A few years ago Japan possessed a financial genius in her eighty-year-old Takahashi. Takahashi set 10 billion yen as the danger line of debt for the country. If this was exceeded inflation would follow. Takahashi was murdered by the military and today the Exchequer has exceeded his limit by over a billion yen. Japan's total indebtedness is now double that of five years ago, and well over 50 per cent of the budget is devoted to the fighting services. There are many competent observers in the Far East who have said for two years that, whatever the result in the technical sense, any war in which Japan was involved would break her financial back.

But even this is not the worst in the Japanese house of cards. Despite the police terror and such devices as the Bureau for Suppression of Dangerous Thought, open discontent with the régime is growing apace in Japan. I found signs of it in the poverty-stricken rural villages and among the fisher folk, as well as in the great

cities. Not for many years has the military clique been so unpopular, and hence come their repeated attempts to dispose of such semblance of democracy as exists in the country.

Japanese agriculture is conducted chiefly by peasants with small holdings. The total agricultural production is 2,100 million yen annually, and this production carries a burden of debt amounting to 7,000 million yen. It is little wonder that the Japanese farmer has to sell his daughters to the brothel keepers. Behind the polished façade of Japan's feudal industrial system the situation is little better. With com-

modity prices rising steadily (they are already 25 per cent higher than last year), labor troubles have become too widespread to be hidden. During 1936 there were 2,000 cases of labor strikes and disputes, and the demand for a political Popular Front has begun to rise.

Recently the railway and street car operators of Tokyo and Kobe went out on strike with the slogan: 'If our wages are not raised we can but wait for the arrival of the god of death.' That, indeed, is all that awaits the peoples of both Japan and China from the Japanese military.

COMMENT FROM THE EAST

Before this political civilization came to its power and opened its hungry jaws wide enough to gulp down great continents of the earth, we had wars, pillages, changes of monarchy and consequent miseries, but never such a sight of fearful and hopeless voracity, such wholesale feeding of nation upon nation, such huge machines for turning great portions of the earth into mincemeat, never such terrible jealousies with all their ugly teeth and claws ready for tearing each other's vitals.

—Rabindranath Tagore in *Nationalism*

Death watch in Spain: a tale of three
men who are sentenced to die at dawn.

Three *Who* Died

By JEAN PAUL SARTRE

Translated by LUCY CORES

From the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

ABOUT eight in the evening an officer came in with two Falangists. He was holding a sheet of paper which he consulted as he asked the guard:—

‘What are the names of these three?’

‘Steinbock, Ibbieta and Mirbal,’ the guard answered. The officer put on his glasses and scanned the list: ‘Steinbock . . . Thomas Steinbock. Ah, here it is. You have been sentenced to be shot at dawn tomorrow morning.’ He looked again. ‘The other two also,’ he added.

‘This is impossible,’ said Juan. ‘You can’t mean me.’

The officer glanced at him, surprised. ‘What’s your name?’

‘Juan Mirbal.’

‘Well, your name is here.’

‘But I haven’t done anything.’

The officer shrugged his shoulders and turned to Tom and me. ‘Are you Basques?’

‘None of us is Basque.’

He looked slightly surprised. ‘They told me there were three Basques.

Well, I am not going to waste my time looking for them. I don’t suppose you want a priest?’ We did not even bother to answer. He saluted and left.

‘What did I tell you!’ said Tom.

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘Bad business for the boy.’

At that moment, however, I was conscious of disgust rather than pity for young Juan Mirbal. He said nothing, but his face and hands had turned gray. He sat down and looked at the floor with round unseeing eyes.

Tom began talking: ‘Did you ever have to shoot anybody?’ I did not answer. He went on to say that he had killed six since the beginning of August. He did not seem to realize the situation, and I saw that he did not want to realize it. I could not quite grasp it myself but I was in no hurry: after all we had the whole night to think about what would happen at dawn. After a while Tom stopped talking and I saw that he, too, had grown pale.

The door opened and two guards

came in, followed by a blond man in a brown uniform. He saluted. 'I am a doctor,' he said. He had a pleasant, refined voice. 'I have the permission to help you all I can.'

I asked him: 'What can you do here?'

'I am at your disposal. I shall do everything in my power to make your last hours less painful.'

'Why us? There are others; the hospital is full of them. . . .'

'I was sent here,' he said with a vague air. 'Perhaps you'd like to smoke?' he added somewhat hastily. He offered us cigarettes and cigars. But we refused. I looked him hard in the eyes and that seemed to embarrass him: 'You aren't here to help us. Besides I know you. I saw you with the Fascists in the barracks court on the day I was arrested.'

I wanted to say something else when suddenly something amazing happened to me: this man's presence ceased to interest me. I lost all desire to speak to him. I shrugged my shoulders and turned away. For a long time I looked at the disk of light which the lamp made on the ceiling. It fascinated me. Then I awoke from my reverie. I suddenly felt myself crushed as if beneath some enormous weight. It was neither the thought of death, nor fear: it was something nameless. My cheekbones were burning and my head throbbed.

I looked at my two companions. Tom had hidden his face in his hands, and I saw only the nape of his neck. It was white and fat. Little Juan looked the sickest: his mouth was open and his nostrils fluttered. The doctor very carefully took hold of his wrist. Then he took a notebook from his pocket and wrote something down.

'The swine,' I said to myself. 'Just let him try to feel my pulse and I'll smash his face.'

He did not come over but I felt him looking at me. Then he said to me in an impersonal voice: 'Don't you find that it's cold here?'

He seemed to find it so: he had turned blue with cold.

'I'm not cold,' I answered. He never stopped looking fixedly at me. Then I understood. I touched my face and found that I was drenched with sweat. In this draughty cellar, in the middle of winter, I was sweating. I passed my hands through my hair; it was matted with perspiration. At the same time I realized that my shirt was wet and sticking to my skin: I must have been streaming with sweat for an hour and I never noticed it. But that swine of a doctor noticed it all right; he saw the drops of sweat rolling down my cheeks and thought: 'Here is a manifestation of almost pathological terror.' He must have been proud of being cold like any normal man. I tried to mop my face but gave it up—my handkerchief was sopping wet and I still went on sweating.

Little Juan spoke up abruptly: 'Does one suffer . . . long?'

'Oh! You mean when. . . . Oh, no,' the doctor said with a paternal expression. 'It's quickly over.' He sounded as if he were reassuring a paying patient.

II

The sky outside was superb. I needed only to lift my head to see the Great Dipper through the air holes in the cellar. Yesterday in my cell I could also see a large patch of sky and every hour of the day brought some recollection of an older sky. But

now I could look out as much as I wanted and no memory came back to me. It was better like that. I went to sit next to Tom, who immediately began to talk to me in a low voice. He never looked at me. I supposed he was afraid to see his own gray and sweating face mirrored in mine.

'Can you understand?' he said. 'I can't. Listen, they'll take us up into the court. Good. Then men will fall in line before us. How many, do you suppose?'

'I don't know. Five or eight.'

'Eight will do. Then an officer will cry: "TAKE—AIM." And there will be eight guns pointing at me. I'll want to crawl into the wall, I'll push up against it with my back with all my strength and the wall will resist, like in a nightmare. I can imagine all that. I can even feel the wounds. For an hour now I have been feeling pains in my head and neck. Not real pains—worse; they are the pains I'll feel tomorrow. But afterwards?'

'Afterwards,' I said in a hard voice, 'you'll be thrown out on the dung-heap.'

The doctor was taking notes all the time. We looked at him. So did little Juan. All three of us looked at him fascinated because he was alive. He had the gestures of a living man, a living man's worries and cares. He shivered in this cellar as living men ought to; he had a well-fed, obedient body. We three shadows drained of blood looked at him and coveted his life like three vampires.

At last he approached little Juan again. He passed his hand lightly over his head and neck. The boy let him do it without stopping to look at him. Then suddenly he seized the hand and looked at it with the strangest expres-

sion. He held the doctor's hand in two of his and the contrast between his grayish claws and the doctor's red fat hand was not a pleasant thing to see. I knew what was going to happen and so did Tom, I think. But the doctor continued smiling paternally. After a moment the boy raised the hand to his mouth and tried to bite it. The doctor tore his hand away and recoiled, looking at all of us with horror. I think he understood only then that we were no longer men like him. I burst out laughing and one of the guards started up.

III

A little later the doctor had another bright idea.

'My friends,' he said, 'if you wish, I could manage—providing the authorities offer no objections—to carry a word from you to your dear ones. . . .'

Tom grumbled: 'I've no one.'

I said nothing. Tom waited a minute then looked at me curiously.

'Have you nothing to say to Concha?'

'No.'

At that moment I wanted neither to see her nor to say anything to her. Concha would cry when she learned of my death. For a long time she would grieve. But it was I who was going to die. And in the anticipation of death I was alone.

In the state in which I was, I cared for nothing. I was calm. It was a horrible calmness—because of what was happening to my body. I saw with its eyes, heard with its ears, but it was no longer I. It sweated and trembled of its own accord and I no longer recognized it. There were times when I felt—a sort of gliding sensation

as if I were in a turning airplane, and sometimes I would feel my heart beating. That did not reassure me. My body seemed to exude a dirty smell—as if I were infested with disgusting vermin.

The Belgian looked at his watch. 'It is now three-thirty.'

The swine! He must have done it on purpose. None of us had noticed the passing of time; the night still surrounded us, a formless dark mass. Little Juan began to cry. He wrung his hands and begged: 'I don't want to die, I don't want to die.' He ran across the cellar, fell down on one of the cots and sobbed. You could see that he was sorry for himself, that he was not really thinking of death. I felt inhuman: I felt no pity either for myself or for the others. My one thought was to die properly.

It was still dark when I heard Tom's voice. 'It's dawning.'

The cellar was growing light. We heard shots in the distance.

'It's beginning,' I said to Tom. 'They'll probably do it in the inner court.'

The door opened and a lieutenant entered with four soldiers.

'Steinbock?'

Tom did not answer. One of the guards pointed him out.

'Juan Mirbal?'

'That's the one on the cot.'

'All right, let's go.'

Tom went out between two soldiers. Two others carried the boy out by shoulders and ankles. He had not fainted. His eyes were open and tears were rolling down his cheeks. When I wanted to follow them, the lieutenant stopped me:—

'Are you Ibbieta?'

'Yes.'

'Wait here; they'll come for you directly.'

They went out. The doctor and the two guards followed them and I remained alone. I heard volleys at regular intervals. I expected them yet I started violently every time. I wanted to howl and tear my hair. But I clenched my teeth and sunk my hands deeper in my pockets because I wanted to die cleanly.

IV

After an hour passed they came after me and took me to the first floor, into a small room that reeked of cigar smoke. The heat seemed unbearable to me. Two officers sat there smoking, with papers spread out on their knees.

'You are Ibbieta?'

'Yes.'

'Where is Ramon Gris?'

'I don't know.'

The man who was asking me was small and fat, with hard eyes behind his glasses. He said to me, 'Come nearer.' I did so. He rose and took my arm, looking at me with a scowl that, he probably thought, was enough to make me sink through the ground. At the same time he pinched my arm with all his strength. It did not hurt. He was merely trying to dominate me, and considered it necessary to blow his foul breath right into my face. I wanted badly to laugh: you can't intimidate a man who is going to die. Finally he pushed me away and said, 'Your life against his. You'll be shot like a dog unless you tell us.'

Strange that these two fellows, with their riding-whips and boots, are also doomed to die. Later than I, naturally, but only a little later. And yet there they were busily looking for names in

their greasy papers, going about trying to kill or imprison men; they had opinions about the future of Spain and about other things. To me they seemed like madmen.

'Well? Did you understand me?'

'I don't know where Gris is,' I answered. 'I thought he was in Madrid.'

The other officer lifted a hand with calculated indolence. 'You have a quarter of an hour to think it over,' he drawled. 'Take him to the linen room and come after him in a quarter of an hour. If he still refuses to tell, then shoot him.'

They knew what they were doing. I had passed a night in anticipation; after that they made me wait another hour in the cellar while they were killing Tom and Juan; and now, more waiting in the linen room. They thought my nerves would crack.

But they were wrong. In the linen room I sat down on a stool because I felt very weak. I began to think—not about their offer, though. Of course I knew where Gris was. He was hiding with his relatives only a few miles away. I also knew that I would not reveal his hiding place. But I wanted to understand the reasons for my behavior. I preferred death to betraying Gris. Why? I had no longer any attachment to Ramon Gris. My friendship for him, together with my love for Concha, had died a little before dawn, at the same time as my desire to live. He was more useful than I to the cause of Spain but just then I did not give a damn for Spain. I could save my skin by giving up Ramon Gris and still I refused to do so. I began to find my own obstinacy vastly amusing.

They brought me back before the

two officers. They were gloomy and taking themselves very seriously. I wanted to laugh, but I did not dare for fear that I would not be able to stop. I contented myself with saying to one of the Falangists, 'Why don't you cut your whiskers, fathead?' He kicked me, but without much spirit, and I held my tongue.

'Well,' said the fat officer, 'did you think it over?'

I looked at him with curiosity as at an insect of some rare species. Then I said: 'I know where he is. He has hidden in the cemetery—in the gravediggers' hut.' I wanted to see them jump to their feet, buckle on their sword-belts and give orders with an excited air. It all seemed a great joke to me. They began to bustle immediately.

'Let's get going. Lopez, get a detail of fifteen men. As for you,' the little fat man said, turning to me, 'if you have told us the truth, my word is good. But if not, you'll pay with your life.'

They left in an uproar and I waited quietly. From time to time I chuckled to think what fools they were making of themselves. I could see them lifting tombstones and opening vaults in their foolish hunt for Gris.

Half an hour later the little fat officer came back alone.

'Take him out into the yard with the others,' he ordered. 'A regular court will decide his fate later.'

V

I thought I did not understand him. I asked: 'Then . . . then you aren't going to shoot me?'

'Not now, at any rate. Well, it's none of my business.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

The soldiers took me away. In the big yard there were about a hundred prisoners, mostly women and children, and a few old men. I began walking around on the lawn. I was completely dazed. Some of the prisoners hailed me. They looked familiar but I did not answer them.

Toward evening they pushed several new prisoners into the yard. Among them I recognized Garcia, the baker.

He said to me: 'Lucky devil! I did not think I'd see you again.'

'They sentenced me to death,' I said, 'and then they changed their minds. I don't know why.'

'They arrested me at two o'clock.'

'Why?'

Garcia shrugged his shoulders. Then he said, lowering his voice: 'They got Gris.'

I began to tremble.

'When?'

'This morning. He made a bad break. He left his cousin's house because they had quarreled. There were many who offered to hide him but he did not want to implicate anybody. He intended to go to your house but when they arrested you he said he would hide in the cemetery.'

'The cemetery?'

'Yes. That was bad. They searched it this morning; it was only to be expected. They found him in the gravediggers' hut.'

AND PICCADILLY IS PARTICULAR

I have now worked with the Oxford Group over the whole of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and England. . . . I have taken part in hundreds of meetings, attended by hundreds of thousands of people, and I have never heard anything confessed in public which could not have been said in Piccadilly Circus.

—Mr. Fredrik Ramm, 'a distinguished Norwegian Editor,' in the *Church of England*.

Persons and Personages

RUMANIAN FÜHRER

By MARK RAVAGE

Translated from *Ce Soir*, Paris Leftist Daily

‘I BELIEVE in the inevitable victory of this movement.’

The man who said these words to me was Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu, the leader of Rumania’s ‘All for the Fatherland’ party, as the Fascist Iron Guard has called itself since being officially dissolved.

Codreanu is thirty-seven years old. What amazes one most in this modern *condottiere*, especially if one knows about his sanguinary past, is the apparent gentleness of his face, voice and gesture. As you look at him you cannot help wondering: ‘Is it possible that this young man has often given orders to kill, as he himself admits and even with some pride? That he has actually killed with his own hands?’ And yet it is a well-known fact that in 1924, when he was only twenty-four years old, he had the prefect Manciu of Jassy assassinated. How can he have this gentle peaceable look?

Is he an adventurer, a visionary, an actor? One thing is certain: if he is playing a rôle, he is doing it with the consummate artistry of a veteran performer.

I was received first by old General George (or Zizi) Cantacuzino, resplendent with his beard, medals and monocle. He bears the title of the President of the Party, but if one is to believe malicious rumors, he is merely a sleeping partner of the movement.

In the party’s general headquarters, a substantial two-story house on Gutenberg Street near the Tchichmidgiu Boulevard, I found the General arranging papers and photographs in his rather disorderly office.

He greeted me cordially and drew several diagrams in my note-book to demonstrate to me what he called ‘the frightful budgetary corruption of the constitutional-monarchical government now in power in Rumania.’ He complained about the persecutions which his friends were forced to endure from the authorities, whom he accused of having sold themselves ‘to the Freemasons and Jewish international financiers.’

Then he exclaimed modestly: ‘Come and see my little boss, since you have the chance to do so. He is very shy, the little man is. As a rule he refuses to see strangers.’

We went downstairs and crossed the courtyard to the other wing of

the building. In one of the two antechambers that we passed there were about fifty young men and women. They were students, I was told, although some of them wore peasant costumes. They pressed against each other, as they saw the General, in order to make way for us; they also slapped their chests and raised their right arms in a salute, crying out words that I was not able to understand.

The door opened before me and I found myself face to face with the Rumanian Führer. He shook my hand, General Zizi retired and before I could put a single question to him, Codreanu made the statement with which this sketch began: 'I believe in the inevitable victory of this movement.'

I made ready to listen and he continued:—

'This victory must come, even as a fruit falls when it is ripe. It is just a question of developing national consciousness. We intend to use all the means in our power to awake this consciousness.'

Perhaps I was mistaken but I had the feeling that these words, pronounced slowly in the passable French that the speaker had learned during his two years stay in Grenoble, had been learned beforehand.

'Use *all* the means?' I asked him.

'All the moral means,' he answered.

'But what about the assassination of Premier Duca? Is it falsely claimed that he had been executed by the members of your party?'

'No, it is true. The young men who killed Duca certainly belonged to our party. In Europe it is said that the Iron Guard was dissolved after the assassination. That is false. We were a legal constitutional party. Duca came to power because he had pledged himself to destroy our movement. That was an inhuman act for which he had to atone by death.'

What simplicity and what nonchalance in regard to human lives! Codreanu continued:—

'He went to Paris where he told Jews and Freemasons: "There is a great danger afoot in Rumania. The Iron Guard is subsidized by Hitler and Vaida's Government has not the courage to dissolve it. It is up to you to put pressure on Bucharest to appoint me as Premier and in return I pledge myself to rid you of this danger."'

At this point Codreanu obviously realized that he was saying something about his connections with the Fascists abroad, because he added:—

'Needless to say, Duca was lying. We had no connection with either Hitler or Mussolini outside of our sympathies.'

'I was told,' I said, 'that the King gives you both moral and financial support. Is there any truth in this?'

'I saw the King only once in the Chamber when I was a deputy. I

have never spoken to him. Our relations with the Court are not favorable at present. As a matter of fact, we are really on bad terms with them.'

'You called yourself anti-Semitic. What exactly do you mean by this?'

'The Jewish swamp must be drained!'

'In other words, the Jewish minority must be destroyed?'

'We are not against the Hungarian, German, Bulgarian or Russian minorities in our country—only against the Jews.'

'How do you propose to rid yourself of the Jewish minority? By a pogrom?'

Codreanu replied to me very gently: 'No, neither by pogroms nor by violence of any sort. Nevertheless this swamp must be drained. Here are the measures that I propose to take: a heavier tax on the Jewish merchants. They have no right to equality. They have been in Rumania only one hundred years, while we have been here for two thousand. We are the ones who have made this country what it is today, fighting against the barbarians and shedding our blood.'

'During the Stelesco trial,' I remarked, 'some witnesses claimed that your father was a Polish immigrant by the name of Zelinski, and your mother a German woman and that you adopted the name of Codreanu. How much of this is true?'

He seemed not to hear this question and continued: 'As far as the army is concerned, we wish to make it purely Rumanian. The Great War taught us that only native armies are victorious.' (I thought of the British, French and American armies composed of all the races and colors of the world, but I said nothing.) 'The others must be enrolled in the economic army. The Jews ought to work and not fight, for they are morally deficient. As a matter of fact even the Rumanians who are physically deficient will be obliged to join this economic army.'

'What about the Hungarians and the Germans?'

'They would be allowed to fight, since they are capable of bearing arms, but in a secondary category. Obviously, if there should be a war against Hungary or Germany, they would have to be removed from the front so that they would not be distressed by having to fight against their own race.'

'As regards the schools, we will limit the number of Jewish students but not those of the other minorities.'

'Of course,' I asked him, 'like every political party, you have a program concerning the relations which your country should have with other nations. Would you tell me something about that?'

He tried to dodge.

'Foreign policy,' he answered, 'should be the last thing for a young

organization like ours to consider. For the time being we will devote ourselves to Rumania's domestic problems. But, if you wish, we have a general program. It can be summed up in one word: anti-Communist.'

'What do you mean by Communism? For example, would you consider France Communistic?'

For the first time I saw him hesitate and look for a word. With a vague gesture he replied: 'Well, Communism is what is happening in Russia and in Spain.'

'Is that all?'

'That is all. No, there is another thing. Communism is essentially Jewish. All the Jews are Communists or Communist sympathizers, even if they are not actually members of the party.'

'Even if they happen to be bankers?'

'Yes, even then.'

And Codreanu finished our interview with this statement:—

'At present we have only a vague connection with Hitler and Mussolini. I mean by this that our sympathies are in common. But I should like to see a close friendship between Rumania and the Powers that are like us. I feel sympathy for all the nationalistic States like Germany and Italy, although I have no alliances with them, because they protect their people against the Bolshevik peril. I am opposed to all the popular fronts in whatever country they may be because they take their instructions from international organizations.'

That was plain speaking indeed for anyone who had ears to hear.

GAMELIN

By R. KRUG VON NIDDA

Translated from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

GENERAL Maurice Gustave Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, springs from a family which has given many officers to the Army. He was born in Paris on September 20, 1872, and in 1888 entered the *École Spéciale Militaire* at Saint-Cyr. After he left Saint-Cyr his rise in his chosen profession was steady but not phenomenal. He saw service in Algeria, returned to a post on the staff of the *École Supérieure de Guerre* and was attached to the general staff of the 15th Army Corps with the rank of captain. From 1906 until 1914 he was on all of General Joffre's staffs and his prospects of acquiring a Marshal's baton seemed very promising when he was placed at the head of the strategic department at general headquarters at the age of forty-two. But Joffre's downfall brought about a change in Gamelin's position too. He left the general

staff and spent the remainder of the war in the field as commander of an infantry brigade.

Gamelin's eclipse persisted for a long time after the War. For a number of years he was away from the home army on an assignment as chief of the French Military Mission in Brazil. After his return in 1925 he was sent to Syria as commander-in-chief of the French Army against the Druses, where he distinguished himself by bringing the war to a speedy and successful conclusion. His star began to rise once more and he received the long-delayed promotion to General of Division. Recalled from Syria in 1928, he was appointed commander of the 20th Army Corps at Nancy in December, 1929. A year later he became Chief Quartermaster of the Paris general staff, and after another year he was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the French Army.

The Palais des Invalides, which is Gamelin's headquarters, is a huge building in Empire style. Its unostentatious rooms possess an atmosphere that is at once cloister-like and geographical, for there are maps on the walls, maps on enormous tables and maps in cases.

Sometimes General Gamelin sits at his desk from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night, bent over his reports. All the threads of the vast organization which he heads run together in his office. And his responsibilities in this critical period occupy him so completely that last year he took only a four days' rest.

The General's time is taken up by three main functions. As Vice-President of the Supreme Military Council he participates in all meetings of the chiefs of the army, which take place under the chairmanship of M. Daladier, the Minister for War and National Defense. In them are discussed the major problems of strategy, fortifications, mobilization, maintenance and transportation. Together with his closest collaborator, General Georges, Gamelin is responsible for the drafting of all plans, and he alone is responsible for their execution. As Chief of the General Staff he must concern himself with the organization, equipment and training of the Army, and he must countersign decrees referring to such details as the transfer of troops, changes in personnel, the introduction of new weapons or of the motorization of an artillery unit. However, since the problems are so complex, he has to confine himself to drafting the outlines. His third important office is that of Inspector General of the Army, a post that until a few years ago was entirely separate from that of the Chief of the General Staff.

When a reporter of the *Matin* asked General Gamelin which one of the many positions he has held during his career suited him best, his answer was characteristic: '*Le commandement.*' It would be erroneous, he declared, to believe that an officer found service on the General Staff particularly attractive. 'The real test of a soldier's ability lies in his

performance as a leader in the field.' He had been quite happy, he said, when on a responsible post far away from the civilized world. As if inspired by the spirit of the great soldier who rests under the dome of the Invalides, he added: 'The mountains, the desert and the ocean, while hostile to weak natures, can stimulate the strong.'

Gamelin's is a strong nature, but he cannot be dismissed as a mere 'soldier' or 'general.' Like many other high officers in the French army, he is interested in art and philosophy, and his private library might be mistaken for that of a pacifist. He is familiar with Descartes and Pascal. Since he was a pupil of Foch, he knows his history well. He warns, however, that history must not be dragged along like a weight but should be regarded as a 'stepping stone for the future.'

A SOCIALIST STATESMAN

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political Monthly

OF THE few real statesmen who have risen in Sweden since the death of Hjalmar Branting the most remarkable is probably Richard Sandler, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Per Albin Hansson's Socialist Cabinet. Sweden's Socialists are more dogmatic than their British fellow-partisans but less Marxist than their comrades of pre-Nazi Germany. At the most difficult moment in their career—when they came to power—they were fortunate in having such a leader as Branting. A statesman of rare breadth of view, Branting was able to raise his whole nursery of young politicians to the tune of moderation. Post-War Sweden has been governed solely by him and his disciples: Per Albin Hansson, Arthur Engberg and Richard Sandler.

Richard Sandler, the last and youngest of them, was the son of a statesman and a Socialist. He came from the State University circles which have bred most of the politicians and syndicalists of present-day Sweden. It was from Upsala, one of those middle-class universities, that Sandler got his bachelor's degree. He has ever since been an ardent supporter of State education. An enthusiastic student of political economy, Sandler was nurtured on Karl Marx, whose *Das Kapital* he was later to translate into Swedish. After a period of newspaper work, he returned to academic life and became a professor at Brunnsvik University. Meanwhile he was preparing himself actively for his political career. In 1912, at the age of twenty-eight, he entered the Riksdag as a deputy of the Socialist-Democratic party. Ten years later, when he was only thirty-eight, Branting gave him a post in his first cabinet.

Like many of his Swedish Socialist friends, Richard Sandler can be

described as an idealist but not a dreamer. The Left Socialists and the Communists will probably reproach him with becoming bourgeois. The truth is that his responsibilities have taught him a great deal. Once he wore a mustache, which made him look rather like a poet. The mustache has disappeared and with it, probably, many illusions; but certainly he is still true to the ideals of his youth. He is still an adherent of 'practical Socialism,' which aims at a gradual and progressive redistribution of wealth in a constantly evolving society.

One of Sandler's main virtues is his prudence. Despite his somewhat ingenuous appearance, he is a shrewd diplomat. No superfluous word ever escapes his lips and his interviewers cannot boast of having wormed any important confidence out of him. Like most former newspaper men whom talent and circumstances have led to official position, he dislikes newspaper men and the press. It is futile to interview him. His answers might just as well be obtained from the official bureau at the Foreign Ministry.

With this caution is combined an unmistakable firmness. At times he gives the impression of making a concession to his opponent, but his apparent retreat always turns out to be merely a tactical maneuver. In reality he never budes an inch.

Although he is an excellent speaker, his eloquence is not of the emotional kind that sweeps crowds off their feet. His favorite and most appreciative audiences are at the Swedish State Universities and at Geneva.

The post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which he has held almost uninterruptedly since 1932, suits him perfectly. His vast knowledge of Europe and of his own country's interests makes him a safe pilot. As a Socialist he listens willingly enough to the pacifist voices that rise from time to time on the banks of Lake Léman, and nothing in the world will make him renounce the ideal of collective security within the framework of the League of Nations. But as a Swede, as a native of one of those northern countries which have always been somewhat rebellious in their attitude toward Europe, he keeps an ineradicable distrust of the so-called 'Great Powers.' Richard Sandler's motto seems to be 'Sweden cannot afford the luxury of having enemies.' For that reason he will never be lured into attaching his country to this or that Continental 'bloc.'

A journalist who is friendly to Italy
describes progress in the new Empire.

Tour *through* Ethiopia

By MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

From the *Daily Telegraph*
London Conservative Daily

THROUGHOUT my tour of Italian East Africa one of the things that surprised me most was the peaceful conditions which I found everywhere.

The natives were working in the fields and crowding the markets, while mules, donkeys and camels were carrying merchandise along the new roads and over the mountain passes. The Ethiopians had quickly resumed their normal occupations, and almost invariably gave us cheerful greetings as we passed.

Although there were large bodies of road workers, Italian and native, and some of them were armed, there were comparatively few troops to be seen. There were scarcely any visible signs of the aftermath of war, and little to indicate a newly-conquered country.

Public security is maintained chiefly by the air force, but a division of regular troops is stationed at Addis Ababa, while militia and Askari units are quartered at centers of strategical importance.

Although there were no visible signs of discontent in any part of the country, the district of Shoa, near the capital, is still passively hostile and arms have to be taken from the people by force. Also, in parts of Amhara and Tigre the natives have not yet settled down to the new régime, and the surrender of arms is spasmodic.

Everywhere else I was impressed by the unmistakable harmony between the Italians and the natives, and this was most noticeable among the races previously under Amhara subjection.

Even in remote districts of western Ethiopia armed escorts were unnecessary, and when provided they consisted of natives who had fought in the army of the ex-Negus.

These native troops, now paid by the Italians, form part of the Askari battalions or of native bands commanded by Italian officers. In the former case the men are enlisted for two years and receive five lire a day, together with flour. They can have

their wives and families with them in quarters or camp, and for this huts or tents are provided.

In centers such as Addis Ababa, Gondar, Quoram and Dessye, I found many Ethiopians working as servants in hotels and private houses, and as shop assistants in general stores. Others have found employment as messengers in Government offices and in various forms of unskilled work.

II

As my visit coincided with the season for ploughing and sowing, there were fewer native road workers than I had expected to find. They numbered about 30,000 in April, and they receive from 10 to 15 lire a day, according to the conditions under which they work.

The most remarkable achievement so far is the rapidity with which good roads have been built along the main lines of communication. On these the vital supplies of the country depend.

As the capacity of the Jibuti railway is very limited, the main line of supply is from Massawa by road transit to Asmara, Makale, Quoram, Dessye and Addis Ababa. Along this road there is a heavy traffic of motor lorries day and night.

In April this road was finished with an asphalt surface from Massawa to beyond Makale, while further on there was a good foundation with varying surface and asphalt in patches. Between Dessye and the capital the road through the mountains was passable with only difficulty.

During the present rains damage to any unfinished sections may cause delay and confusion, but there will very shortly be a complete asphalt

road, insuring a clear run through for passengers and goods.

Many other roads of immediate importance are now under construction, and while sections are already used for motor traffic, travel is often slow and very bumpy, and is hard on motor vehicles.

There are, however, vast regions in the west and southwest, all of which are occupied and administered by the Italians, where European supplies have to be transported by air to supplement local produce.

I spent a week at Saio, between Goré and the Sudan frontier. This center depends to some extent on military airplanes from Addis Ababa which cannot land after heavy rain—and it rains on and off in this district during nine months of the year. But during the four months when the Nile steamers reach Gambela, where there is a British concession on the Baro, supplies come up from the Sudan, and the Greek merchants lay in stores for the rest of the year.

Other Italian centers depend still more on aviation for European products till the roads connecting them with the capital have been opened for traffic. There is, therefore, a vast amount of road construction yet to be done, which will take many years to complete; but the heaviest task of vital communications is already past its most difficult phase.

One of the most remarkable changes is that brought about by aviation in a country where distances are great and where mule-tracks were previously the only means of travel. Two years ago it took 40 days by mule caravan to reach Saio from Addis Ababa. In May I covered this distance by airplane in two hours and ten minutes. By this

means all outlying districts have been brought within easy reach of an important center.

III

Italian colonization can only follow on the establishment of communications. Judging from what I have seen of Amhara and Shoa, Harar, the Gojjam and Lake Tana region, as well as the immense region of the south and southwest, I am convinced that the agricultural possibilities are very great.

Although there is mineral wealth in Ethiopia, it is from agriculture that Italy will derive the greatest value. Italian colonization is of two kinds—general settlement of families for mixed farming and industrial colonization by companies. The parts best suited for general settlement are the regions between the high mountains and low plateaux (between 3,000 ft. and 7,500 ft.), where the temperature is moderate and the rainfall high; but there are also favorable localities even in the mountain regions, where the rainfall is less.

Under the first heading come the State of Harar, and most of the west and southwestern areas, including the Gojjam and Lake Tana districts; while the latter comprises the higher part of Amhara, Shoa, Wollo, Galla, etc. Places suitable for early settlement are the Cobbo plain in Eastern Amhara, Waldia, the Ucialli plain, and the country south of Dessye, all on the new road from Asmara to Addis Ababa.

But the first Italian families are expected, after the rains, at Oletta and Bishoftu, near Addis Ababa, where preparations were well along at the time of my visit in May.

The best regions of all for settlement are in the State of Galla Sidama, where the soil is of exceptional fertility and the climate almost European, with plenty of rain and many rivers. Here almost anything will grow with rapidity, and two crops a year are quite usual. I have seen vegetable gardens that were fully productive one month after planting, and this in several localities hundreds of miles apart.

In the forests round Gimma, near Anfilo, and in the vicinity of the lakes, there is valuable timber; and all this country is well suited for the raising of cattle and sheep. Many landscapes closely resemble the English countryside.

Although the amenities of modern life are gradually appearing in the capital and other centers, there is a considerable shortage of housing accommodation. Prices are high owing to the cost of transport and the fact that the natives have not yet had time to increase their crops to meet the new demand. Hitherto they have only grown sufficient to pay their taxes in kind and meet their daily needs.

In most places there is plenty of water either at hand or a few feet underground, but its distribution is still inadequate to meet the ever-increasing demand. Antiquated electrical plants still have to be used in many cases, and electric current is of the spasmodic type. General stores, European shops, cinemas and restaurants are rapidly increasing in number, and are radically transforming the appearance of the principal towns. Although there is a shortage of building materials, especially lime, solid buildings are in course of construction throughout the country.

With the abolition of the feudal system an Italian central Government has been set up at Addis Ababa. Under the Viceroy are the Governors of the States of Amhara, Eritrea, Harar, Galla Sidama and Somaliland; and there is also the Governor of the district of Addis Ababa, which comprises the capital and a part of Shoa, thereby dividing the region where there is most opposition to Italian rule. This system encourages bureaucracy, but most of the junior officials have little or no experience of colonial administration, and a new system has to be set on the rails. As the Italian supply of colonial officials is small, many posts have been filled by reserve officers with university degrees who served during the recent war.

At present the Viceroy and all the State Governors are soldiers or sailors.

Marshal Graziani has great energy and determination, and is severe when occasion demands; but he is highly respected by the natives and has a charming personality. Intolerant of inefficiency, he has the reputation of never 'letting down' anyone who has served him well.

Another official popular with the natives is General Pirzio-Biroli, Governor of Amhara, whose popularity is partly due to personal interest in the affairs of individual natives who go to him with their grievances. Among the most experienced administrators is General Nasi, Governor of Harar, who has served long in Libya and was Italian Military Attaché in Paris. As the country becomes more consolidated under the Italians, it is expected that a civil administration will gradually be introduced.

THOSE DANGEROUS THINKERS

The Greek Minister of Education has appointed a Commission to revise the Greek classics, expurgating all references to liberty and democracy. A certain difficulty is being experienced with Aristotle and Plato, but it is anticipated that this will soon be resolved.

Afterwards the Commission have orders similarly to revise the works of William Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw.

—*Week*, London

Islam is no longer the fanatical religion of yore. One writer describes the attitude of Turkey; another considers the prospects of Moslem unity.

Among *the* Sons of *the* Prophets

I. TURKEY'S ISM

By ROM LANDAU

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

WHEN confronted with the actual achievements of Kemalism one begins to wonder whether future history will not consider the achievements of Atatürk more important than those of Fascism and Bolshevism for their respective countries. Russia is even today, twenty years after the Revolution, an enigma, and meets her critics with the reply that in the history of a nation twenty years are nothing. The Turkish Revolution is far more recent, the country in which it took place was more backward, more disorganized and less disciplined, and yet the achievements of Kemal's revolution are already definite enough not to require any apologies. Atatürk's accomplishment appears to be superior to that of his Italian and German colleagues, especially when one remembers that he fought his revolution

in a ruined country with no national unity, with an economic life almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, and with an administration that was both corrupt and a hundred years behind the times. Atatürk's creation of an independent, homogeneous Turkey is a great historical feat; but more important is the fact that he is giving the Turkish nation a new soul.

Nowhere perhaps is this more apparent than in the domain which was once that of religion. For Kemal had the courage to replace a religion that had degenerated into a system of superstitions by something entirely new, yet without attacking the adherence of the individual citizen to that religion. And he lacked the type of megalomania which might have made him believe that he had actually created a new religion. This modesty

proved him superior to some of the leaders of both the Bolshevik and the Nazi Revolutions who are apt to make claims of a vaguely religious character.

Kemalism, which is the foundation of modern Turkey, is not only a political and social system or merely a philosophy of life. It is something more. Kemalism means the opening up of Turkey to modern science and progress; it means rationalism instead of fatalism and intellectual darkness; it means also new industries, new education. But Kemalism stands also for a new attitude toward work, toward destiny (a most important factor in Moslem life!), and toward man's own position in the universe around him.

The one thing which Kemalism does not stand for is dictatorship. Of course no one but Kemal Atatürk is responsible for modern Turkey as a geographical unit, a nation, a social entity; of course no important decision can be taken in Turkey without his approval. But Atatürk loses his temper when ignorant foreigners call him a dictator. Parliament at Ankara does not meet only once or twice a year like the Reichstag or the Supreme Fascist Council to approve without debate the policy of the dictator: it meets daily, it debates, it prepares legislation.

But the outstanding democratic feature of Kemalism is not embodied in Parliament but rather in Kemal's own attitude toward rulership. To work out his policies he does not shut himself away in mysterious seclusion, but summons his friends or Ministers and debates with them the proposed schemes until the early hours of the morning, often night after night.

Similarly he often visits some little town or village in the country, seeking there the unprejudiced opinions of local peasants, schoolmasters, business men. Thus his ideas do not become law without having first been discussed in private and later in Parliament.

Shūkrū Kaya, the Home Secretary, told me during a conversation: 'I have been in turn Minister of Foreign Affairs, Justice and Home Secretary for the last fourteen years, yet Atatürk has never given me what you might call an order. He made suggestions, we have discussed them, even argued about them, but he has never ordered me to do this or that, never interfered with my work as a Minister. The other members of the Cabinet will tell you the same with reference to their own work.'

II

To my mind the most important achievement of Kemalism is that Atatürk has replaced an obsolete creed which had become the refuge of superstition and ignorance by what might be called practical religion: social service, public welfare, the idea of selfless collaboration. None of these were known in pre-Kemal Turkey, a country ruled by a caste of officials and sheikhs, both equally mercenary and corrupt.

The new rationalism introduced by Atatürk has given the Turkish citizen, and especially the peasant, who forms the vast majority of the population, a new consciousness of his power and of his rightful place in a hitherto alien universe. Formerly every failure, a field that did not yield, a tree that bore no fruit, an illness, were met

without much resistance in the spirit of that defeatism and fatalism to which Islam in Turkey had degenerated. *Imshallah*, 'If God will,' excused and sanctified any failure, was a hindrance to progress and a godsend to the lazy and unambitious. Atatürk created in the center of the Anatolian wilderness his new capital, and established quite close to it his large model farm which is visited regularly by thousands of Turks. Here the amazed peasant can see how perseverance, industry and knowledge have transformed a desert into fertile land and how man instead of remaining the slave of nature can become its master. This practical discovery has a truly revolutionary effect upon his fatalistic mind. A new conception of God and man, of life and work, is created.

Nothing during my whole visit to Turkey—none of the Germanic looking modern hospitals, schools and government buildings, none of the well-planned streets at Ankara—impressed me so much as this transformation of the tenets of a creed into its living practice. This, however, would not have been possible if Atatürk had allowed the sheikhs and imams to continue to exercise their influence.

Religion is not forbidden as in Russia nor persecuted as in Germany; the State never interferes with the religious life of the citizen. In fact, the only Field-Marshal in the Turkish army is a devout Moslem, and Kemal Atatürk often teases him about his punctilious religious observances. But Atatürk has removed the religious influence from those spheres of life to which it did not belong and in which unscrupulous sheikhs had made it a hindrance to progress. The activities

of sheikhs and imams are confined to the precincts of the Mosque; no longer may they interfere with the educational, professional or legal life of the citizen.

III

Whether the new ideas of work, service, knowledge will completely satisfy the religious urge of the Turk remains yet to be seen. Although eager Kemalists tried to assure me that only old people and women cared for religion, I found the mosques well attended by the middle-aged and even by the young, and I spoke to students who kept the Ramadhan and to young men and women who were genuinely religious. It is clear that the final solution of the religious problem has not yet been found. I questioned most of the Cabinet Ministers, intellectuals and politicians with whom I came in contact about it. The fanatical followers of Atatürk—those eager gentlemen in the press and propaganda departments who, by their childish anxiety to be regarded as purely Western and their contempt for everything Eastern, make heavy demands on the impartiality and the sense of humor of the foreigner—would have it that Kemalism has replaced religion once and for all. More discerning people admitted that the complete indifference of the State to religion may perhaps not be final but that the moment for dealing with this problem cannot come until the new elements of work, progress and rationalism have become an integral part of Turkish life.

Atatürk himself does not seem to care to discuss religion. I sent him some questions on the subject, but he did not reply to them. Nevertheless I

have the feeling that a day may come when he will produce a solution even for this complex problem, reconciling the inborn need of the Turk for religion with the necessarily non-religious character of Kemalism. Although a materialist at heart he possesses an uncanny instinct for the spiritual requirements of his people. His enthusiastic efforts to purify the Turkish language and to discover the roots of Turkish history show that he does not stop at merely rationalizing and westernizing Turkish life. In fact, a reconciliation between the religious and non-religious elements of Turkish life will be very necessary if Kemalism is to develop into a spiritual force. In a few years, when Kemalism, thoroughly transformed into a government system and a social structure, will have lost most of the idealism of its early days, many Turks will be on the look-out for some ideal. For otherwise their only spiritual foundation will be undiluted nationalism.

Nationalism plays an important part in the philosophy of Kemalism. Up till now it has been overshadowed

by other elements and has not found time to become dangerous. Everyone tried to assure me of the pacifist character of Turkish nationalism. Yet at times I had the feeling that that character may last only so long as the Turkish armaments, finances and industry are not ready to give it another character.

Atatürk's own record suggests that he himself may expand the ideal of Kemalism beyond the boundaries of nationalism. 'Both Atatürk and I have learned,' Tevfik Rüstü Aras, Turkey's famous Foreign Minister, said to me, 'that selfishness does not take a nation very far, that a feeling for the community of nations is indispensable for the happiness of each individual nation, that faith in the final betterment and understanding of nations is our best policy.' I hope that the shrewd Rüstü Aras was sincere and that the spiritual revolution which the Turkish nation is still undergoing under Atatürk's guidance will create such ethical foundations in the Turkish soul that no aggressiveness will be able to take root within it.

II. THE MIRAGE OF PAN-ISLAM

By SATISH CHANDRA KHARE

From the *Twentieth Century*, Allahabad General Monthly

THE Moslem world of India has always looked to Tunis and Teheran for inspiration. It appears to find more consolation in associating itself with the hopes and aspirations of the Moslem nations of the Near East than in any efforts of its mother country. Those who believe in an Indian nation have been interested students of these tendencies and the probability of their

materialization in view of the trends in independent Moslem States.

The ideals of a theocratic Pan-Islamic state are symbolized in the now non-existent Caliphate. The Caliph, as the temporal head of the whole Moslem world, was to enforce the spiritual and religious canons revealed by the Prophet. But this has remained an ideal, except for the two

brief Caliphates of Abu Bekr and Omar, immediately following the Prophet, and before Islam had spread far beyond Arabia. Geography, race and individual ambition have again and again divided the faithful into different political States, which have not infrequently fought among themselves.

An effective Pan-Islamic Church-State as conceived by Moslem tradition has not materialized since the murder of Omar. The present gives still less hope for it.

The present ideal of each independent Moslem country is to form a strong nationalistic State on an economic and racial basis and to relegate religion to the sanctuaries of private conscience. A decade ago Turkey took the lead. On March 1, 1924, her National Assembly adopted a resolution abolishing the Caliphate. This was not due to a sudden decision. The ground for the secularization of Turkey had been prepared long before, and the National Assembly had previously attempted to deprive the Caliphate of all its temporal power. The Turks then cut religion adrift from the State, to seek a haven where it might. Education was taken out of the hands of the Clergy. The Civil Code was adopted along the lines of the Swiss model. Polygamy was abolished and the Church was disendowed. All this is an old tale now, and is recalled simply to point out that what was done was contrary to the provisions of Islam. This, together with the growth of Nationalism and race-consciousness, cuts deep into the roots of the Pan-Islamic ideal.

Twenty years ago, even before the Turkish Republic was born, a great spiritual leader, Zia Geuk Alp, began his Pan-Turkish and Pan-Turanian

Movement. He emphasized the need of seeking Turkey's salvation on purely national lines. The ideal took root rapidly and has now flowered. The Turk is proud of his race and nationality, not of the far-flung Moslem world.

II

The temper of the modern Turkey can best be gauged by the harsh tone of the interview given to the *London Times* on December 29, 1923, by Ismet Pasha in reply to the humble pleas of the Aga Khan and Mr. Amir Ali in behalf of the Caliphate. These Indian Moslem leaders were dismissed as foreigners and British agents and, to add insult to the injury, as Shiah who should not go on preaching to Turkey about what she should do. This is an irritating mote in the grand vision of Pan-Islam. Indian Moslems would do well to pause and remember the rebuff then given to their leaders. Perhaps at the time when the Turkish Foreign Minister was giving this violent interview to the *Times*, he was thinking how useless the Caliphate had proved to Turkey in her recent struggle. Moslem Indian soldiers, loyally obeying English officers, had sent their sword deep into the distant parts of the Ottoman Empire. Arabs quickly revolted at the instigation of the Allied Powers. The Kazan Tartars had butchered mercilessly their brothers of Caliph race in the Caucasus from the beginning to the end of the War in the service of their Russian masters.

Dr. Kruger, who has been very intimately associated with both pre-War and post-War Turkey, writes: 'Kemal and his immediate supporters did not forget that the Pan-Islamic illusion had done nothing to check the dis-

integration of the Empire or that the Pan-Islamic ideal had remained a purely sentimental tradition, exploited by the clergy and those who derived profit from it.'

Let us turn now to Persia. It was a bad day for Islam when the Arabs defeated the Persians in 637 at Kadiya on the Euphrates. It was positively a bad day for Arabs, a bad day for the integrity of Islam. With this conquest Arabia spent itself. Persian culture swamped the Arabs and bred one storm after another in the Islamic State. Persia has always asserted its culture and its race. Firdausi was a burning Nationalist poet who sang in his famous *Shah-nama* the glories of Persian kings, of Persian heroes and champions of the pre-Moslem period. It was perhaps due to this that his promised reward never came from the orthodox Sultan. Riza Shah Pahlevi, the new Shah of Iran, is basing his Nationalism on the old Magian culture, the pre-Islamic and indigenous Iranian culture. He wants to nourish the roots of Iranian Nationalism. A year or so ago the Iranians celebrated the anniversary of Firdausi's death with great enthusiasm. The most significant invitation issued was that to the Chief Priest of the Parsees in India. The Iranians have recognized and honored their cousins in India who fled to save the religion and culture of their fathers. These ideals of racial integrity and Nationalism do not fall in with the conception of a universal Islamic brotherhood to which the Indian Moslems cling.

Even the slowly progressing Afghan Government is taking steps to preserve past Afghan glories. His Excellency, the Sardar Ahmed Ali Khan,

the Afghan Minister of Education, personally went to Bamian to decide about the steps to be taken to preserve the beautiful Buddhist remains at that place. A sum of two lakhs of rupees has been allotted for the purpose. Is it not strange that a Moslem Government should preserve the shrines of idolaters? The illiterate Moslem warrior of Ethiopia has defended his mother country shoulder to shoulder with his brother of the Coptic Church. He cherishes the glories of ancient Ethiopia as devoutly, and he is as proud of his country, as the Christian majority.

Modern Egypt is intensely nationalistic. The Coptic minority has ungrudgingly cast its lot with the Moslem majority. All attempts by interested parties to seduce the Copts from the Nationalist movement have consistently failed. The most influential political organization of the country, the Wafd, kept entirely aloof from the Caliphate Congress which was held at Cairo in 1926. Incidentally, the Third Committee of the Congress which was presided over by Said Abdul Hamidul Bakri in its report said: 'The Caliphate . . . is incapable of realization . . . in view of the situation in which the Moslems find themselves.'

It would not be wrong to assert that the destiny of Moslems in each country now lies with the destiny of that country, and not with the progress or decline of any other Moslem power.

III

Arabia, after the thousand years lapse into tribal warfare, is again dreaming of an Arab nation. Arabs have never been reconciled to their loss of leadership in the Moslem

world. As Islam's center of gravity shifted from Mecca to Baghdad, to Egypt and to Turkey, there have always been nationalistic reactions. Beneath the many dissenting creeds that originated and are still prevalent in Arabia lies, says Hogarth, in his *History of Arabia*, 'the Arab's deep resentment at his incapacity to retain control of the Faith Empire he created.' This smouldering race consciousness found an opportunity to assert itself when Turkey became involved in the War. Each of the Arab Princes seized the opportunity to throw off the alien yoke. Convinced of the Allies' support, Husein of the Hejaz rebelled against the Turks in order to vindicate the Arab nation. One of his stipulations with the British Government before joining the Allies was a promise of the recognition and maintenance of an independent Arab nation. Ibn Saud found opportunity to settle his accounts with Ibn Rashid, an ally of Turkey. The end of the War brought the elimination of all Turkish influence from Arabia. But the long hand of Britain and France interfered in the formation of a consolidated Arabia.

Young Arabs educated in the West are dreaming of a united Arabia on purely national lines. Perhaps, round the Saudi Arabia as nucleus, we see a great Arab nation in the process of crystallizing. In spirit, if not in actuality, an Arab nation now exists. It is well known that the leaders of Arabia do not have any Pan-Islamic

illusions. All their efforts are directed toward the foundation of a nationalistic Arab State having a racial and a geographical basis.

The vast Moslem population of Soviet Russia is evolving along very special social lines where religion does not count for much and Pan-Islamism for still less.

The growth of racial and nationalistic ideals in all the Moslem countries except among Indian Moslems, even if we were to ignore the geographical and linguistic difficulties, gives very little ground for entertaining any hope for the solidarity of the Moslem world as a whole. The Moslems of India will be forced to work out their own salvation along racial and nationalistic lines. It is no secret that leaders of Moslem thought in Turkey, Iran and Egypt have greater regard for the Hindu Nationalists of India than they have for their co-religionists, who place narrow communal interests before the greater good of the nation. They have looked with a condescending smile upon the Pan-Islamic zeal of our countrymen. The reply of Ismet Pasha should be a warning and an eye-opener. A strong, free-thinking people which sacrificed the flower of its youth for the national ideal can hardly appreciate communal narrowness, even on the grounds of religion.

It would be better for all of us if we stop dreaming of a Hindu Raj, of Pan-Islamism or of Pan-Christianity. Our salvation and our destiny lie in India.

Uruguay's jungle offers a perilous
homeland for these German refugees.

Homeland *in the Jungle*

By PAUL ZECH

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*
Paris German-Émigré Weekly

THE jungle may be immensely attractive when seen from an *estancia*, within easy reach of Montevideo by automobile; or when seen from the deckchair of a river steamer; or in a park where a few of the original jungle trees remain. Its charm is enhanced when tame little monkeys clamber around in the trees, parakeets screech and there are herons, flamingos, shovellers and turtles, while the artful nests of the oven-birds adorn the cactuses. The jungle sighs, and the Indian God Chimu inhales and exhales the world, while butterflies as big as the palm of one's hand flutter about him. But the orchids have retired to the hothouses, where they bloom neatly arranged according to the different species. All that is left of the hoarse roar of the puma is the mounted pelt hanging on the silken walls—one of grandfather's hunting trophies. Side by side with Indian tomahawks and stone knives, silver masks from pre-Inca times and black Peruvian pottery, hang dried human heads a little bigger than one's

fist. And there are the brightly colored ponchos woven by Indian maidens with whose descendants Pizarro trafficked in such friendly fashion that today a race once holding sway over the entire continent from Venezuela to Patagonia has become an anthropological rarity.

Still different is the jungle for the member of a modern expedition which is equipped for every emergency and organized down to the smallest detail. The explorer's journey must be blazed step by step, and upon turning back after a little while he finds that the painfully hewn passage has already grown over. For such a man the charm of the jungle does not begin until he has cured his fever and become inured to the strain. It really begins when he sifts, arranges, catalogues and evaluates the scientific findings of his exploration. It culminates when he writes a book reporting his experiences, putting down what heretofore was unknown—putting these things down just as they have grown within

him in the jungle, without romance. For romance is but a by-product added by the emotions.

But here we are concerned neither with the jungle elegantly dreamed of on an *estancia*, nor with the real jungles of the Amazon and Alto Parana rivers. We shall describe the jungles that have been killed, the cadavers of wildernesses, the half-cleared *selvas* which the Uruguayan Government has surveyed and subdivided into plots.

In the eyes of an outlander from the city, of course, they are still a primeval wilderness. Perhaps that is why these tracts bear such names as 'Eldorado' or 'Penaflor.' Are they not destined within three or four years to become rich wheat-fields, vineyards, coffee or tobacco plantations, or orchards?

The settlers are for the most part men who have left blighted lives behind them and are well aware that the struggle of axe, plow, spade and hoe against an untamed earth is no Sunday afternoon pastime. They know what to expect, yet often perish when forced to exhaust their last reserves as two crop failures in succession cheat them of the fruits of their labor. The first year's crop decides whether they will settle or whether they will have to hire themselves out on the great *estancias* as peons.

II

I saw one of these settlements, peopled largely by Germans, which had been laid out in a half-cleared jungle some years ago. There were yerba and orange trees and tobacco and manioc in the fields; the crops had been fair throughout the years. The

settlers were over the worst of their troubles and their debts were almost paid off. Yet together with their women-folk and children they lived in dreadful poverty. The dugouts we had at the front during the war were more comfortably furnished than most of the holes which the settlers call home—huts built of bamboo and rough-hewn timber and roofed with home-made shingles. To hold out here for ten or twelve years, awaiting an uncertain, modest livelihood, requires the utmost in courage and will to survive.

The condition of the few colonists who begin with adequate capital is from the first more bearable. They are able to erect permanent dwellings, barns, stables and power plants on the half-cleared land, for which they must pay down about one thousand dollars, the remainder being due over a period of ten years. These settlers are relieved of the task of clearing the jungle. They arrive to find their land ready to be tilled; but the crop from which they must eke out their existence does not fall into their laps. They know no eight-hour day; their work extends from sunrise till after dark. Theirs is a constant struggle with weather, drought, weeds, locusts and ants. They fight to preserve the capital they have invested and they fight for the future of their children. But they live knowing that they stand with both feet on soil that is their own, and from which no one can drive them because of their race or convictions. For here, far from the clamor of the great cities, and still further from the authoritarian delusions of the Third Reich, no one inquires after faith, race or shape of skull. The work and its results are what count.

The Uruguayan colony of which I speak was settled by German émigrés—by men who, before the advent of Nazi oppression, were doctors, lawyers, accountants, salesmen, union officials, managers, teachers and printers. There are eighteen families in a sort of village community—a collective brought together by chance. Four men came first, drawing the others after them. Their families did not follow until a year later. No European aid society bothered about them. The High Commissioner of the League of Nations never heard of their existence, though he might have found it highly instructive to interview them on the spot when he was less than a day's journey from them not long ago.

The man who smoothed the way for these settlers is not even a German. He is a Uruguayan doctor born in Montevideo, although descended from Polish Jews. He sits in the Chamber of Deputies and holds to a moderate Socialism. The German Minister in Montevideo has had no cause to like him; when the first swastika waved from a German business house I saw the doctor pull down the fourfold gibbet. Today, alas, it is protected by the police as the 'Sovereign Symbol of the German Reich.'

The collective consists of eighteen sections of ninety acres each. The dwellings are miles apart along roads that can be traveled only by horse or wagon. And where the last plantation ends, the jungle begins. It is an impenetrable wilderness, one tree knotted into the next by means of luxuriant lianas and tall bromelias, toothed like hacksaws. Growth proceeds where it may, one plant suffocating another, all matted together, dying and shooting up again a hundredfold in an eternal

cycle of growth and decay. The nights are laden with the voices of the miriquinas, bullfrogs, owls and night-hawks, which scream like little children. The noise of the crickets assails the ear like the nerve-wracking ringing caused by strong doses of quinine. All this frightens and confuses the settler only during the first four weeks. Soon he grows so accustomed to it that he would be startled should there suddenly be absolute silence. He has experienced this silence—during the terrifying minutes when the still, glass-green air warns that a tornado is about to roar in from the swamps.

III

The settlers show no desire to make a merry excursion into the jungle. Their romantic yearnings quickly subside. They know now that in the wilderness Indians no longer crouch around camp fires smoking the pipe of peace or shooting arrows into a pale face bound to a tree. Most likely they have come to know the real Indian during the very first week as a hired hand, corn-shucker, woodsman or herb-gatherer—clad in rags, his skin not red but a purplish gray, his strange eyes turning in upon themselves, reflecting the dark green of the grass. They do not understand his language for he speaks at most a word a week, and this word is found in no Spanish dictionary, for it belongs to one of the many dialects of Guarani. To find the real wild Indian one must penetrate further into the Paraguayan Chaco, toward Bolivia and Peru. The settlers have neither time nor money nor desire for anything beyond their plantations.

The work in the fields consumes their every minute. In the jungle of

weeds they find a jungle in miniature, often populated with beautiful but poisonous snakes, giant spiders, tarantulas and scorpions. The pampas hares test the strength of their teeth on the yerba and fruit trees and wild fowl often ruin a month's tobacco and manioc plantings in one night.

On the main road which divides the colony into two parts, the Government has planted lapacho trees, blooming alternately purple and pink, yellow acacias and Canadian lindens. This highway will be called the 'Camino Enrique Heine' by the settlers. Heine is one of the few loves they have retained from Germany. For the first few months they thought of their homeland only with bitter resentment. Today they have done with all that was.

They still speak the language with which they grew up. They will continue to speak it and perhaps their children too. The children have readily grown used to the new life and both boys and girls do their house and field work almost as though it were play.

All these settlers have come from big cities. They enjoyed the theater, concerts, cocktail parties, fashion shows, sports; they read three newspapers a day; they had libraries, col-

lected stamps, pewter, china and similar objects. All that is now behind them. The papers from Montevideo or Buenos Aires are a week old when they arrive: good only for learning Spanish or for the few dispatches from Germany stating that Hitler is still in power.

Within five or six years the colony will have doubled its population. The doctors, lawyers, teachers and book-keepers will have become farmers. But by then they will have erected a canning plant, hundreds of profitable beehives, a coöperatively managed fruit-packing shed, a box factory, and their trucks will link them directly with the port. Today, the ox team still pulls plow and wagon, while the wind turns the water-pumps for irrigation purposes.

I met a woman who sang Mignon's aria, *Knowest thou the land?* in one of the larger provincial opera houses of Germany only a few years ago. Here in the jungle home, she has sung it many times, so often that her daughter, now ten years old, sings it with all the nuances and peculiarities of her mother, while planting a flower garden behind the house. I looked at the mother. The evening sun was on her face. She shook her head.

Here is one 'International' that is not at all sinister; a French town that makes perfume for the world; and an inquiry into rumors that Black Africa is secretly planning to revolt.

Investigations

I. THE BLUE INTERNATIONAL

By S. E. R. WYNNE

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

IN THE capitals of Europe key-men of the world's police forces are now pondering the results of the most successful international conference for a long time. It was, of course, a conference on crime: but comparatively honest crime, not the sort that breeds non-intervention committees.

These men, far from agreeing on how not (officially, at any rate) to intervene, have planned very definite intervention in the war waged constantly by the unseen army of the underworld.

We, in our own world, are an odd lot. Since 1872 we have been participating in International *Prison* Conferences: evolving ingenious systems of cellular planning, of remission scales, of grading the criminal classes. But it was not until 1924 that it oc-

curred to us that it might also be useful to organize an International *Police* Commission: to plan how to catch the crooks to fill those prisons and, more important, how to avoid the necessity of filling the prisons.

Before then we were content with loose contacts between the world's police forces—contacts frequently so ineffective that they helped the criminals rather than the men trying to catch them. Now after thirteen years of the International Police Commission, all that is gone forever. Loose contacts have been converted into tight organization. Casual help given by a friendly police chief has been replaced by an entirely new technique of international coöperation—by what we might call the Blue International.

A brief telephone call from Paris or New York to Whitehall 1212 puts the whole organization of Scotland Yard at the disposal of the Paris *Sûreté* or the New York State police.

It is idle to deny that there is something dramatic about all this. Lord Peter Wimsey and Ellery Queen are, perhaps, a step or two ahead of the more prosaic policemen who inhabit gloomy Government buildings. The professional detective is seldom a Philo Vance. He is frequently bald, sometimes portly, occasionally even ponderous. He seldom uses high-powered motor-cars and never the gleaming white yachts common to the best detective fiction. But he seems to get there just the same.

One of them, no more astute than dozens of his fellows, discovered the other day that a group of forgers was putting out thousands of faked bonds through widely-spread financial houses of extremely doubtful standing.

That same morning the long-distance telephone lines between Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and France were busier than usual. Within twenty-four hours the forgers' gang was broken up: seven of its members arrested in Milan, three more in Brussels. That case was not exceptional—or handled particularly rapidly.

The Belgian police recently wirelessed to Berlin the description of a wanted counterfeiter. The request was made at three o'clock in the afternoon. By eleven o'clock the Belgians had been told that the man they wanted was under lock and key—and had actually been arrested in Austria!

This does not happen just now and then. Since the International Police Commission was established, no fewer than 100,000 cases have been handled

internationally; petty cases some of them, certainly, the criminals addicted to no worse than passport faking or the passing of bad checks.

II

But there are other cases, too, the kind that curdle our blood in thrillers and gangster films—murders and shootings, jewel robberies and bank hold-ups. For those sinister gangs of international crooks really do exist outside the imagination of romantic novelists; but they won't exist very long since the world's policemen got together. Yet there are still enough of them to fill the Black List of the International Commission with the case histories of hundreds of thousands of public enemies—to add to that Black List some hundreds of new names every year.

The Black List is not the one subject of discussion at the annual meetings of the Commission, though it takes much of their time. If you could see the agenda (you can't, because everything is quite properly kept secret) you would find that time is allowed for debate on drug traffickers, white slavers, laws governing extradition, the repatriation of alien ex-prisoners, after-care, juvenile crime, etc. You see, they're always willing to learn; and sometimes they have unusual lessons.

In Yugoslavia, where ninety of Europe's ace detectives were meeting for their annual conference, there was once an unrehearsed incident which taught them just how little they really knew.

The morning session of the conference over, they went out into the market place of Sarajevo, bought odd

trinkets as souvenirs, walked back to their hotel for lunch. Back in their hotel they discovered that nearly every man's pocket had been skilfully picked!

It was only a hoax. A brilliant, if mischievous, Sarajevo lawyer had hired a professional picker to do the pocketing! All the goods were later returned in a van.

Without the Blue International not only the petty pickpockets but the

really big men of the underworld would be pursuing their activities as they did in pre-War days, knowing that in crime the odds favored the criminals.

Now crime knows no national frontiers. Close liaison has turned the balance to the other scale. With this clearing house of information the war on the world's crooks has developed from guerrilla campaigning to an attack on an international front.

II. GRASSE—CITY OF PERFUME

By ANNEMARIE SCHOENE-CHAIX

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich Liberal Daily

IN THE foothills of the Maritime Alps, about half an hour's drive inland from Cannes, there is a little town which does its best to put France and all the world in good odor. It is Grasse, the town of flowers and perfume factories.

There are about 62,000 acres of flowers about Grasse: rose and narcissus, goldenrod and marigold, lily of the valley and mimosa, camelia and wistaria, violet and lilac, all waiting to be picked and transformed into fragrant essences. Between three and four million pounds of roses, and four and five million pounds of orange blossoms are picked here annually to prepare scent to ravish nostrils many thousands of miles away. A large bed of flowers is required to produce a tiny droplet of perfume, and twelve tons of rose-petals give only a quart of the *véritable* attar of roses.

In the thirty-five perfume kitchens of Grasse one may study the canning of scents, but without the slightest chance of doing the cooks out of their

recipes. It is true that some of the processes seem simple. One finds hundreds of small square wooden frames with glass-lined bottoms covered with grease. Into this the blossoms are placed and renewed daily for three months. When the fat is completely saturated with the flower scent, it is placed in alcohol which takes over the scent. But the grease is also utilized in the preparation of scented soaps.

This is one method of making perfume. But in the factory halls there are mysterious large copper stills with long coils of pipe, belonging to one or other of the more complex methods of making perfume. Unfortunately, the girls who guide visitors about are somewhat taciturn. And the laboratories with their pot-bellied vials and varicolored liquids are so forbidding that the visitor curbs his curiosity. Even a British naval officer, the image of Nelson, who boldly removed the stopper from a large flask and lowered his tanned beak to the wide mouth,

drew back quickly and closed the bottle with care as though he were responsible for the safety of Holy Water. The perfume chemists need not worry; only their trained noses can distinguish the composition of the scents.

II

On Sundays the streets of Grasse are bright with pennons in the Provençal colors of red and gold. In front of the cafés, under awnings striped with green, red and yellow, the tables are crowded with natives, people from the surrounding villages and guests from Cannes, Nice and even from abroad.

The loudspeakers of the cafés penetrate to the street with sounds resembling the snorting of buffalo herds. It is the great automobile race at Monte Carlo. Suddenly a sharp clap like thunder! It does not come from Monte Carlo, but from Grasse, from the end of the Main Street, where the parade that is to begin the flower festival has formed. A penetrating but pleasant fragrance is in the air. The people of Grasse must surely have highly sensitive olfactory nerves. They are either perfume makers themselves, or the brothers, fathers and sisters of perfume makers. The stranger sniffs in vain to discover what part lavender, tuberose, parma violet and orange blossom have in this redolence. But here comes the procession in honor of the flowers and scents.

First, there is a little band of drummers and pipers. With their left hands the young Provençal bucks manipulate their fifes while they beat the drums with their right hands. They are followed by a float symbolizing the birth of the perfume industry, and the onlookers are transported back into

the sixteenth century. Three venerable bearded alchemists in long black robes stand bent over huge tattered tomes. Beside them great copper vessels emit vapor. The three wise men are brewing the essence of scent according to the mysterious signs in the book of magic.

The next part of the procession is received with loud applause, for it is the Princess Neroli on a prancing charger. And who might the Princess Neroli be? She is the embodiment of flower scent. After her comes a blond youth with a Van Dyck beard, representing Don Philip of Spain, who visited Grasse centuries ago. This rustic Philip bears himself nobly on his mount and one can suspect him of no evil. In his retinue, however, is a jolly fat jester who apes the dignity of the others. Young girls carry wide hoops of roses and the whole procession becomes a single great apotheosis of the beauty, the color, the fragrance and the infinite variety of flowers.

Above all, this procession represents everyday Grasse. The children who march past carrying sickles really carry their sickles every day of the week to reap the flowers when they are in bloom. The old women in their colorful Sunday best shuffling by under huge straw bonnets are not merely picturesque: those quaintly shaped hats protect them against the burning sun when they are picking flowers. The peasants lead mules laden with goatskins filled with olive oil; the rôle they play in this spectacle is that of real life, as they bring their oil to market at Beaucaire after every pressing. Only the Princess Neroli and the alchemists are fanciful; and amid this rich reality they seem almost pale.

The procession is at an end. A band blares into the warm afternoon and some of the performers utilize a pause between two passages for twirling their instruments into the air and catching them again. In the streets there are now thousands of orange buds, and one's clothes are soon saturated with the sweet scent. The air is intoxicating, sensuous—excellent preparation for contemplating the work of Grasse's greatest citizen, the famous rococo painter Fragonard, the two-hundredth anniversary of whose

death was recently celebrated. He seems almost to have captured with his brush the scents of Grasse. Fragonard, '*le galant Frago*,' as he has been called, imbued his trees, shrubs and people with the same utter airiness that one senses when looking from the flower-laden pergola of a perfume factory across fields of blossoming flowers toward the distant turquoise of the Mediterranean. There is magic about Grasse, and Grasse knows how to pass it along to the remote corners of the world.

III. AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES

By CULLEN YOUNG

From the *Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

UNEASINESS and apprehension can hardly be more frequent in Africa itself concerning the ever-present threat of 'black magic' than in Great Britain concerning the possibility of danger to peace from something that is given the name of 'black nationalism'—some impending coalescence among the African tribes on the basis of hostility to the white man.

Every now and again one hears a warning rumor; one sees heads being shaken and fingers wagged as some story out of the West African bush, the Kikuyu Forest, or the relatively inaccessible swamp lands of Bangweulu and the Chambezi, goes the round of the club smoking-room or the dinner table, or even the railway carriage. In a certain type of book, too, with which we have been rather flooded recently, there is a recurring use of this menacing motif; only too often by authors whose personal acquaintance with Africa is flimsy,

and whose use of African material for the purposes of journalistic success is not very creditable.

Have these rumors and innuendoes any justification?

The answer is, in one sense, easy; in another sense it is not so easy. In the sense generally understood by ordinary stay-at-home folk who know Africa only by hearsay, all this whispering and head-shaking and finger-wagging has no justification whatever. To those whose imaginations at once fly to pictures of midnight conclaves in Congo thickets, or to mysterious emissaries functioning among the forests as bearers of some African 'fiery cross' of revolt, it is quite easy to give an answer. As also to those whose pictured dread of black nationalism shapes itself on lines analogous to European and Asiatic 'self-determination' or *swaraj*. And the answer will be true not merely for the present moment but for a very long time

ahead. As far ahead, indeed, as human eye can see.

Secret societies of what one might call the 'Edgar Wallace, or Sanders of the River' type are innumerable. They are predominantly West African. And since they are part and parcel of the socio-religious structure of the communities concerned, they have—and will continue to have—a permanence exactly equal (or, as the scientist would love to say, 'co-terminous') with the community structure into which they are entwined. Typical of these, perhaps, are the famed 'Leopard-Men.'

Those secret societies of what one might call the voodoo and ju-ju type are a favorite material of the author and the journalist. But the classification is thoroughly bad, since it lumps 'ju-ju' with 'voodoo,' as if they were related. Unless I am mistaken, the former belongs to the socio-religious category, with absolute communal localization, while the latter is a special, orgiastic phenomenon of African decadence; or, at any rate, a sort of safety-valve to African exuberance plus nostalgia, under conditions such as arise through exile or repression.

However that may be, the point I want to make is that such things are just about as likely to provide channels for the spread of black nationalism as are, say, the wakes of Lancashire or a display in the Royal Albert Hall by the English Folk-Dance Society likely to act as suitable propaganda-mechanisms for the Comintern. They are local, they are proudly domestic; they are, as Hitler would say, 'non-exportable.'

Indeed, an East African, happening upon some ju-ju or voodoo occasion

in some hidden West African rendezvous, would have just the same sort of surprise and interest aroused—as at some foreign thing—as he would at a wake in Lancashire or at the Royal Albert Hall. These things do not provide, and never will provide, the apparatus for any coalescence among African tribes, either for purposes of hostility to the white man or for any other purpose of a 'national' kind, however dangerous they may be for purposes of local frenzy in local concerns.

II

Yet this does not exhaust by any means the catalogue of African organizations of the secret society type. You may take, for example, such a thing as the *Nabingi* cult, which recently caused some perturbation in eastern Belgian Congo, the Ruanda-Urundi area, and I believe also in Western Uganda. This—with its sacred animal, which I think was a white sheep—had certainly some African purpose; it carried on its propaganda to some extent across tribal frontiers, had considerable vogue, and then apparently entered upon a decline.

Take still another and more modern type such as the *Uchapi* cult of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia with its bottled prophylactic against the sorcerer. This movement most certainly did overleap both tribal and linguistic frontiers, and for a very good reason. Its objective was the cleansing of the land from sorcery, and every part of Africa is interested in that. It proved that once Africa reaches a point at which conditions are the same in all areas, no matter whether tribal or linguistic frontiers interpose themselves, a common lan-

guage can be found to voice a common purpose. But in the particular matter which I am considering here, the time is distant (indeed, if it ever comes, it will be no one's fault but ours) when a community of condition will sweep away the barriers of tribal and linguistic frontiers. That time is not yet within human sight.

The same thing was visible in connection with the *mwana-Leza*, or 'child of God,' cult in Northern Rhodesia some years ago. This was a crude but interesting African attempt to combine Christian ideas with a witch-doctor or medicine-man technique, and had—like *Uchapi*—a purpose of combating the sorcerer. It also proved how a common African need or interest could carry a cult across tribal boundaries without any difficulty, provided that the urgency of the situation—as in the case of sorcery—was so great as to obliterate all other considerations.

There are, finally, certain movements of an entirely modern kind which appear to be wholly surface embodiments of African song-and-dance qualities, and hardly require to be dealt with in any consideration of 'undertones' likely to be of significance in the question of racial hostility. One such movement was the *malipenga*, or *mampenenga*, organization which made life almost unbearable in parts of East Africa for at least five years after the War. This was an imitation of the brass bands of the King's African Rifles with most cleverly constructed gourd instruments, which built up upon an African music foundation plus a rigid King's African Rifles discipline a repertoire of rhythmic marching and counter-marching that was amazing.

The movement swept the countryside of its youth under the command of senior men (ex-soldiers, unemployed clerks, and the like), and provided 'staff-conferences' and inter-district gatherings where, had sedition been the aim,—as many thought,—the machinery of propaganda was certainly available. What these gatherings did actually provide, however, were opportunities for a good deal of rather foolish licence among the officers, and a vast amount of indiscipline among the rank and file, *vis-à-vis* their parents and headmen, who found their young sons and daughters swept into this exciting new amusement regardless equally of village duties and anything even distantly approaching filial piety.

III

The reply to those whose imaginations fly to the bush societies as centers of an All-Africa propaganda is easy. These societies are either localized provincialisms or else they are sporadic experiments in a new African-cum-European 'medicine' to meet some maladjustment in the environment, or some emotional urge. When one turns to those whose dread of black nationalism shapes itself upon the lines of European self-determination or Asiatic *swaraj*, the reply is also easy.

The conditions within Africa which would produce a national rather than a provincial platform are entirely within our control and the control of the other European countries who hold, either as colonies or as mandates, any sections of the African continent. The emergence of any national purpose in such a vast land depends first of all upon the provision of a meeting

place where people who have not hitherto known of each other's existence can speak together, and in the second place upon what things they speak about when they meet.

There must be a market place, a forum, a university—some national equivalent for what each village community or tribe possesses at present in its 'talking place'—before we need grow anxious about the birth of an African national consciousness. Although we are actually providing such 'talking places' at this moment,

there is no cause to be anxious unless the undertones of what is being there discussed are dangerous.

To the few—the regrettably few—whose thoughts do not fly either to the activities of secret societies or to the as yet imaginary activity of some All-Africa Swaraj movement, but who are beginning to suspect that we ourselves are in process of providing the 'talking places' where Africa can meet, the answer is not so easy. But there is an answer, and it is not reassuring.

FRIENDLY BERTHAS

Mr. Lennox-Boyd is leaving shortly for a fortnight's tour of Nationalist Spain. . . . He hopes to have an opportunity of inspecting the guns which General Franco and his allies have erected overlooking Gibraltar and the Straits, and to satisfy himself by a personal inspection of the inherent friendliness of these batteries.

—*Evening Standard, London*

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

ENTRETIEN IN PARIS

By E. M. FORSTER

From the *Spectator*, London

IN JUNE about thirty men of letters, some of them eminent, met in Paris for a four days' *entretien* or conversation. They were convened under the League of Nations, which has always acknowledged the existence of culture and has created a Committee for Intellectual Coöperation. This committee has had little publicity, and doubtless does not seek it, and the vast majority of writers in Europe are unaware of its existence. It is dignified and official, though not retrograde. On the present occasion the chairman was the distinguished French academician and poet, M. Paul Valéry, Professor Gilbert Murray presiding when M. Valéry was absent. The subject under discussion was the Immediate Future of Letters—a sufficiently agitating subject, but if anyone had peeped in from the balcony or from behind the superb eighteenth-century tapestries, he would have witnessed an exemplary calm. The matter concerned all the delegates personally, but not a pince-nez fell, not one little gilt chair was overturned, and if the presidential bell did sound, it was to check a too flattering reference to itself.

The subject was divided into three sections: the future of the writer, the future of the reader, and the development of new means of expression. The first section occupied the delegates most. How is the creative artist to make a living, now that the age of the rich patron has passed away? And (still more urgent) how is he to maintain his moral integrity in face of the increasing claims of the State? The writer differs from other citizens in that he has a double duty: he must, besides promoting

the general welfare, express his own personality, and this often leads him into opposition with the powers that be. It is not a plain straightforward opposition between art, a good thing, and government, an evil thing. It is rather an opposition between two cosmogonies, the spontaneous and the administrative, each with its rival conception of civilization; and at the present moment the administrative is winning. There have of course been strong administrations in the past, but they have sometimes gone to sleep. The modern State never sleeps; thanks to an improved technique, it watches eternally, and exercises constant supervision over all its children.

The writer has to reckon with this, and it will determine his moral and perhaps his material position in the immediate future. Shall he give in to the State, and confine his art to being laudatory and decorative? Or shall he stand out for self-expression, and for civilization as *he* understands civilization? The latter course has the great tradition of European literature behind it, but if he ventures on it, he will encounter obstacles which his predecessors did not know, and which will probably increase. The heritage of Dante, Milton and Goethe is not at the present moment an easy one.

The delegates realized this. Most of them were afraid of the State; there was some very plain speaking on the curse of totalitarianism, and Mr. Charles Morgan, though unable to be present at the meetings, sent a trenchant *résumé* of the danger of State subsidy. But the committee was in an anomalous position: the League of Nations, not Internationalism, was its host, and some of its members were actually State delegates. So they could not denounce the State effectively any more than a servant who does not want to be sacked can denounce his employer. There

was plenty of frank honest speaking, but no attempt to translate speech into action, nor any machinery for doing so. After all, what can thirty middle-aged writers do? If they do drop a brick with one hand they must catch it with the other before it hits the ground. That was the atmosphere at Paris, and it is the atmosphere of most literary congresses, whether of the Right or of the Left. It is only when the writer is doing something else, *i.e.*, creative work, that he can have any influence on the world. Why then (it may be asked) should he claim the right to comment? Why should he bother about the State at all? The answer to which is that if the right to comment is withdrawn, the power to create is mysteriously yet inevitably impaired, so that he does and must bother about the State.

THE only incident which did arise occurred between contrasted groups of Frenchmen. MM. Jules Romains and Georges Duhamel are working for State-aid in France, M. Jean-Richard Bloch and others are not in favor of it, and they received support from Señor Madariaga (Spain). The breeze, like the calm which it interrupted, was French. The rest of us brought our own national problems, contributing a little, learning a good deal, received with unfailing courtesy, but feeling that the problems were altering in the Parisian air, and not retaining the awkward shapes which they had when we packed them up in our suitcases at home.

This is what usually happens when a meeting occurs in France, and perhaps it is what ought to happen, since at the present moment the French civilization is the most valuable in the world. So when the Chilean delegate described education in her country, or the Chinese delegate minimized the difficulties of the Chinese alphabet, or the United States delegate (Mr. Thornton Wilder) gave a lucid account of North American conditions, or the Norwegian delegate (Mr. Johan Bojer) em-

phasized the high level of working-class culture in Norway, there were no prolonged reverberations. If the 'Conversation' does have any practical result, it will be to define the relation between French writers and their own government. It is significant that of the two official League-languages, French was used as much as possible, and the English translations were sometimes perfunctory.

Germany was, of course, not represented at our board. No more was Russia, nor was there any apologia for totalitarianism from Japan. But there was an Italian delegation, and its attitude was interesting. There were three members, who sat together, conferring and whispering. They could not have been in sympathy with the rather muzzy liberalism prevailing around them, but when they spoke it was with moderation. They were emphatic that literature should be for all men, not for the cultured few, and they described the steps taken by Italy for the protection of her authors, and the *caisse* into which authors were organized for the purpose of mutual assistance. They agreed that literature should not be State-controlled. They were asked who controlled the *caisse*, but were not to be drawn on this point.

Replies were never pressed. The 'Conversation' liked questions to be asked and opinions stated, but it was not in favor of answers or arguments or of any general rise in the forensic temperature. The vital question of the day—the question of the position of literature in the modern non-democratic State—was never properly grappled with. Courtesy and charm were maintained, but at the expense of reality.

In the last session, Professor Huizinga (Holland) rose to his feet and trounced us all unsparingly. He was very well received. We had, he said, been a great disappointment to him—unpunctual, ill-guided, cumbersome, discursive, eloquent rather than precise, and concerned with the desirability (or the danger) of accepting

State-aid for ourselves rather than with the fortunes of letters. He denounced us with justice, and he had a full right to speak in view of his previous communications, but neither M. Valéry nor anyone else turned a hair. Professor Huizinga was thanked for his intervention, and we proceeded to the creation of a subcommittee—that abortive child of parents already dead. Our sub-committee reported in favor of economic independence and freedom of thought, and suggested that an international *caisse* might be started by the League in connection with our own organization, and so it ended.

If a young writer or (to be more precise) if the Spirit of Youthful Writing could have looked through those noble windows into the Palais Royal and witnessed our ineffectiveness, it would have shouted: 'Get a move on, can't you!' and, in reply to our glassed gazes: 'Well, get *some* sort of move on,' and thrown a bomb. Flying into the air, with our papers and our limbs dishevelled, we should not have had the time to formulate our defense.

For there is a defense. It is true that we did nothing at Paris, and did not expect to do anything. But we did hope to meet one another, to make new contacts, to see where affinities lay, and this aim was achieved. And in particular the non-French writers had the advantage of meeting the French, and of witnessing not only the suppleness of their minds but the honor in which they are regarded by their own Government. There is a danger in that honor, but it is a danger which we, in England, have escaped almost too completely. We were lunched at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where Monsieur Herriot spoke. We were greeted, at a reception at the Hôtel de Ville, as *les Elites les plus incontestables*. When one considered one's own record, this seemed a bit thick. Still there was no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Mayor's compliment, any more than there was to doubt the quality of the champagne which was served to us afterwards with our tea.

A JIBE AT HITLER?

HITLER'S speech of July 18th, on art, will surely go down in history. In it the Führer denounced 'cultural Bolshevism' and particularly those painters who paint 'meadows blue, skies green, and clouds sulphur-yellow.'

On July 30th the omnipotent *Schwarze Korps*, mouthpiece of the Special Guards, published an article entitled 'What Is Likewise Undesirable,' in which it denounced those 'false apostles' who allegedly misunderstood and misinterpreted the Führer's ideas about art. But the article seems really to have been a round-about jibe at the Führer himself. We quote a few passages:—

'One kind of art is artistic and is permitted. The other kind is inartistic and is to be penalized. In the permissible kind of art trees are green, sky blue, and soil brown. The inartistic art is a hodgepodge of colors.

'The permitted, genuine kind of art creates portraits which accurately reproduce the face, and which have almost the value of a photograph. If photographs were to be colored, in the correct colors, of course,—that is, with cheeks pink, eyes blue, lips red, and hair according to a sample—the result would be art.

'And if a landscape glows luxuriantly green so that there flows from the painter's brush an almost visible joy in the verdure, then the picture is inartistic, for one need only pluck some real grass and compare it, and any child will see that no grass is as green as that in the picture. No cow would touch it!

'Down with that painter!

'Long live the photographer!

'Long live the house-painter who always has a supply of normal colors on his palette!'

Scores of German provincial papers have reprinted the article. After all, it comes from such a very authoritative source.

R.N.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Honorable Mop-up

The Anglo-Belgian Red Cross unit was the first to reach the battleground at Nanyuan, a suburb of Peiping, and expected to bring in hundreds of wounded. The Japanese commandant, however, explained that there were no Chinese wounded.

—Dispatch from Peiping

Tale from Croydon

Captain Gordon Olley, with headquarters at Croydon Airport, has flown over a million miles without a casualty. He used to be Imperial Airways' chief pilot. Now he runs his own company, doing charter work for the most part.

He is liable to be rung up for a private plane at any moment of the night or day by the parents of runaway children, by desperate relatives in search of a surgeon, by deserted brides or bridegrooms, by mysterious personages. . . .

Some time ago, for instance, two men and two women came to his office, asked to be flown by private plane to the Canary Islands, paid in advance with a thousand pounds in notes, and arranged for the flight to start next morning at dawn.

Arrived at the Canaries the party told the aviator to wait and drove off, bringing back with them in a few hours two other men carrying parcels. The pilot was told to take the two men on alone to Morocco.

It was not until they landed that the pilot realized from the way in which his passengers were greeted at their destination (incidentally, they had taken uniforms from the parcels they had been carrying and had changed into military attire) that they were the Fascist generals Franco and Mola.

Unknowningly the pilot had been in at the start of the Spanish Civil War!

—*Daily Herald*, London

Honi Soit . . .

For two hours the committee of a golf club in southeast England debated whether women players might be allowed to wear trousers on the links. Their decision was: 'Trousers may be worn by women golfers on the course, but must be taken off on entering the clubhouse.'

—*Daily Mirror*, London

Let Them Eat Horse

A propaganda drive is now being launched to persuade the German people of the virtues of horse flesh.

At the first national congress of the Reich Guild of Horse Slaughterers, recently held at Düsseldorf, reference was made to the importance of this trade under the four years' self-sufficiency plan. Herr Höffkes, head of the Guild, declared that horse flesh had been a favorite dish among Germans of old and that its use had died out only with the coming of Christianity, which opposed the ancient pagan customs. He said 'that horse flesh had more nutritive value than the best pork, beef or veal. Properly prepared, it could hardly be distinguished from other meat dishes and was much cheaper.'

During 1936, about 125,000 horses were slaughtered for food in Germany, and this figure is likely to show a great increase this year and next. The Guild decided at the congress to present 50 tons of horse flesh to the Winter Relief organization for distribution next winter to the poor and needy.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Thoughtful Chautemps

In a hot room M. George Bonnet was explaining his financial program to the other members of the French Cabinet. The Minister of Finance enumerated the proposed measures: so many billions of francs for economy, so many billions for new indirect taxes, so many billions for higher railroad rates. Every measure was accompanied by a technical detailed commentary. At the end of an hour M. Bonnet, grown thirsty, asked for a glass of water. Premier Chautemps called a servant and said: 'A glass of water for His Excellency, the Minister of Finance.' After a pause, he added: 'And a stiff glass of brandy for the taxpayer.'

—*Lumière*, Paris

Trespasser's Rights

Whatever the motive, the facts are indisputable. X tells me that he used to watch a Korean, a Japanese subject, peddling heroin every day in a street in Peiping. He was twice arrested by the Chinese police, who of course, by the rules of extra-territoriality, had to take

him to the Japanese Consul, who promptly released him for 'lack of evidence.' It was no use arresting him again, so he went on openly selling heroin to young men and women in the street. Another experienced traveler in China recently described to me the exasperating behavior of Japanese merchants; knowing that the Chinese dare do nothing to them, they will fill up a railway carriage with their bales of merchandise and compel everyone else to stand in the corridors. I have seen an illuminating photograph of this: it was taken by an Englishman whose daughters had to make way for great bales of Japanese goods that were piled between the seats; as there was no longer room for their legs they had to complete their journey with their feet on the seats and their chins resting on their knees. If that is the way the Japanese will treat English women, the humiliations of the Chinese are easy to imagine.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

Royal Escape

When the Duchess of Kent was driving with her two children to the coast, her car collided with another and its windows were broken. No one, fortunately, was so much as scratched. The *Times* recorded all the relevant facts in a paragraph of four inches. In the *Daily Mail* the incident required (1) a two-line heading across five columns, (2) 30 inches of descriptive matter, (3) a picture of the Duchess setting out from home, (4) a picture of the Princess Alexandra, (5) a picture of the gate (now and hereafter removed from the category of all ordinary gates) through which the Duchess went into a field to wait for another car, (6) a leading article on 'Royal Escape.' Which paper is the more likely to turn a patriotic monarchist into a republican?

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

Love in Japan

Due to a triangular love affair, a thirty-eight-year-old woman named Tora Okamoto, wife of Riichi Okamoto, has committed a double suicide with her lover, Mineo Yamana (twenty-nine), who was Okamoto's friend, at an inn in Osaka.

It has been ascertained that the man first strangled the woman and then swallowed poison.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

'Ersatz' Children

The number of dogs has been constantly diminishing in Germany. There are 13,000 dogs less in Berlin every year, and 200,000 in the Reich. The reason is that poverty has been on the increase and that many people cannot afford to keep a dog. This explanation, however, is too simple for the Hitlerian press which gives another: 'The dog often takes the place of a child in a home and since the birth rate has been growing, the number of these *Ersatz* children has of necessity fallen.'

—*Lumière*, Paris

Stage is Set

Reports that Britain and France are about to recognize Italy's conquest of Ethiopia, in return for which Mussolini will withdraw his conscripts from Spain, are not altogether incredible. Some time has passed since the last bit of high-class double-crossing in Europe; the stage has long been set for the next.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

Pretty Poisonous

Said Sir William Willcox, the authority on toxic gases, giving evidence recently at the London Sessions on the effects of carbon monoxide: 'It is such a deadly poison that you don't realize you are being poisoned until you become unconscious.'

Thus differing from Communism which merely destroys the intelligence while leaving the victim in full possession of the muscles of the throat.

—*Morning Post*, London

A Cunctator's Task

But though it has been hateful in its immediate consequences and cruel in some of its details, I am not inclined to criticize the broad outline of Mr. Eden's Spanish policy. I should have been afraid if his critics had had a chance to take over from him. The task of a cunctator is always a thankless one. To be forever allowing the brigands yet a little more rope, to be holding up the cup for them to fill yet fuller is not a distinguished office.

—J. M. Keynes in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

BOOKS ABROAD

VICTOR EMANUEL AS VILLAIN
THE TRIUMPH OF BARABBAS. *By Giovanni Giglio.* London: Gollancz, 1937.
(Julius Braunthal in the *Tribune*, London)

GIOVANNI GIGLIO was *Daily Herald* correspondent in Rome from 1919 to 1924, when he was expelled. He then covered Italy from the frontier: from Chiasso, Lugano and Nice. In 1930 he was allowed to come back to Rome, only to be turned out again in 1936.

In this book Giglio gives a picture that is at once vivid, humorous and dramatic, of his seventeen years of journalistic activity. These years saw the tremendous growth of the Italian Socialist Movement, its revolutionary era and the split that followed.

They also saw the rise of Fascism, its legendary 'March on Rome,' the consolidation of the Fascist reign of terror, and the heroic fight against the dictatorship.

Giglio experienced all these things at first hand and he makes an exciting story of them. Admittedly the book cannot lay claim to be a profound study of Italian Fascism. Such a study has been written by Salvemini and, to some extent by Nenni and Silone. But the book certainly does give an impression—and one that will grip its readers—of the inferno which is the Italy of today.

From a political standpoint the most illuminating part of his story is that which describes the part played by King Victor Emanuel in this tragic affair.

The general view is that Victor Emanuel, too, was an unfortunate victim of Fascism. It is said that, in order to save Italy from anarchy and from 'Bolshevism,' he handed power over to Mussolini in all good faith, and, in so doing, made himself Mussolini's prisoner also. Giglio debunks this theory with a vengeance.

This ugly dwarf with his repulsively long chin and his strikingly hard mouth is by no means such a nonentity as he gives himself out to be. He has always exercised a baneful influence.

Thrice he forced a war on his country, in 1912 against the will of the Giolitti Government and in 1915 against the will of his people, and yet a third time—this time with Mussolini's full agreement, but once more against the will of his people—in 1935. In the same way he forced Fascism upon his people in 1922, upon his people who hated and despised it. There was no 'Bolshevist danger' at that time. At the elections to the Lower House shortly before, the Communists had only secured 17 out of the 525 seats. Nor was there any Fascist danger. The Fascists only had 35 seats in this House, compared with the 120 Socialist seats and the 107 Christian Democratic seats. The stormy period of the occupation of the factories, in which no one fanned the flames more wildly than Mussolini himself, was long since past.

On the other hand the White terror, financed by the large land-owning class, the nobility and high finance, was already in full blast. Mussolini's 'March on Rome' was an absurd affair in which a few thousand people were concerned; to cope with it the then Prime Minister, Facta, had very effectively ordered out the troops.

Nothing would have happened, not a single shot would have been fired, if the King had not twice—against the urgent advice of his Government—refused to sign the decree declaring martial law. Victor Emanuel drove Facta out and handed power over to Mussolini against the opposition of nine-tenths of his Parliament.

It is from October 28, 1922, that Italy began to go downhill, dragging the rest of Europe in its train. The consequences to European civilization of the Italian king's

deed have been incalculable. Without Mussolini there would never have been a Hitler or a Dollfuss.

Victor Emanuel's well-considered action plunged half Europe into the barbarism of Fascism, and caused that monstrous war cloud to gather which momentarily threatens to burst and submerge mankind in its frightful torrents.

VATICAN POLITICS

THE POPE IN POLITICS: THE LIFE AND WORK OF PIUS XI. *By William Teeling.* London: Lovat Dickson. 1937.

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THERE can be few subjects more delicate and difficult to handle than that which Mr. Teeling has chosen. If I had been asked to name a writer qualified for this prickly task, there are few names which would have come into my mind before his. He is a member of the Church of which he writes, but he has an objective mind and betrays no bias on the side of his own communion. He deals well with a problem which is as enormous as it is ticklish.

There may have been, no doubt, in other civilizations, institutions to some extent resembling the Roman Church, but there is none in ours. The Pope, enjoying territorial sovereignty over a few acres, is one of the rulers of the world, and not one of the least influential or the least active, or, I will add, the least modern.

I retain one memory of a visit to Rome which stands out above all others. After I had seen St. Peter's and the gardens of the Vatican and the Swiss Guard in their peculiar costumes and the Pope's own railway-station, with its steel curtain cutting off the outside world, I went to the gardens of the Villa Borghese. Thence you can see across the city to St. Peter's, splendid against the sky. And behind St. Peter's, taller than the dome, rise the masts of the Pope's own wireless station, erected

in accordance with the provisions of the Lateran Treaty.

Mr. Teeling seems a little doubtful of the strength of the Papacy's position in international affairs, and I receive his opinion with respect, while maintaining that it is, at any rate potentially, much stronger than he thinks. He shrewdly points out that the Lateran Treaty, triumph of negotiation as it was, has two-edged consequences. Pius XI, he says, 'received congratulations from all the world on what was considered his great achievement, but the glamour of a dignified Pope, a prisoner in the Vatican, had gone. From now on the Pope was an independent sovereign of a State that could be bombed out of existence in five minutes by its next-door neighbor.

Previously, nobody could have accused the Pope of being in league with Italy. But now, surrounded by that great nation, it seemed almost certain that unless the Pope took clear action against Italy, he would almost always be accused of being pro-Italian, and, in actual fact, that is what has happened.'

FROM this Mr. Teeling deduces that the Italianate Papacy can continue only at the cost of very great damage to the Church. Particularly in America will the damage be great. When Pius XI was elected, 'Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, did all in his power to reach Rome in time, but he was too late. Since then Italian and other nations' liners have learned to make the journey faster, and it would now be possible for a Cardinal to reach Rome in time, if the Pope died the day before a fast liner sailed from New York. It is a safe prophecy that there will be very considerable discontent if American cardinals cannot reach Rome in time to take part in the election of Pope Pius's successor.'

A sound reason for this prophecy is supplied when Mr. Teeling tells us that: 'The United States of America gives for Peter's Pence and for the upkeep of the Holy See more than all other nations put

together (or nearly so), and it also provides about half the funds for the Mission Field.'

'America,' Mr. Teeling says later: 'is not nearly lost to the Catholic Church, and it is safe to say that in fifty years' time the American democratic world will lead the Catholic Church in numbers by a large majority. Will the Americans be content to take their orders and pay their money always to an Italian, when there is no reason whatever, in the laws of the Church, why an Italian must be Pope?'

Here is a problem, indeed, which, in my judgment, will solve itself when it becomes acute enough. There may be one more Italian Pope, but not two more in succession. The Papacy has always, sooner or later, adapted itself to the most violent changes in circumstances, and, to put the matter on no higher a level, it is too efficient a machine for those connected with it to allow it to be irretrievably damaged. The political experience of the Holy See, coupled with the information that every day reaches the Vatican from all parts of the world, has no parallel in our modern system.

There are times, too, when the whole world feels that for particular purposes this is a power which has no parallel. The real struggle between the Papacy and the Nazi régime in Germany has yet to come, and it may well be of the deepest importance for people who are neither Germans nor adherents of the Roman Church. The pure milk of the Nazi doctrine seems to me to be incompatible with any form of Christianity. The questions are whether the pure milk will be diluted, and, if so, how far, what effect dilution will have on the régime in general and what the Vatican will do if there is no dilution.

These are probably questions for another man than the daring, strong-willed climber of mountains who is now Pope Pius XI. But that they will arise can hardly be doubted. The Vatican has fought with temporal governments before

now, and if it has received blows, it has also given them.

Mr. Teeling, with characteristic frankness, presents a not entirely favorable portrait of Pius XI. He criticizes his policy in several particulars. He wonders whether a wise use has been made of the immense sums of money that fell into the hands of the Vatican on the conclusion of the Lateran Treaty.

[Pope Pius XI and World Affairs is the title under which the Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) has published this book in the United States. \$2.50]

AN EXPERIMENT IN WONDERLAND
THE ALBERTA EXPERIMENT. By C. H. Douglas. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1937.

(Honor Croome in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THERE is no such thing in economic matters as an experiment in the purely scientific sense of the word. We may try such-and-such and see how it works; but then we have no means of testing what would have happened had we held our hand or instead of such-and-such applied so-and-so. The 'Russian Experiment,' the 'German Experiment' yield results, but nothing to compare them with; actually, of course, totalitarian statistics being what they are, it is not easy to estimate even the results themselves. Nevertheless, if the break with previous policy is sharp enough, if sufficiently definite predictions have been made, an element of the experimental does enter into economic events; and when Mr. Aberhart was returned to power, nearly two years ago, as Premier of Alberta, that part of the world which notices such matters sat back and prepared to enjoy a try-out of Major Douglas's Social Credit.

They were disappointed. Major Douglas, although holding the official position of Reconstruction Adviser to the Alberta Government, was not called to active col-

laboration; the gap between Mr. Aberhart's conception of Social Credit and that of its originator proved wider than expected; Alberta effectively defied the Money Power only to the extent of defaulting, some months later, on £640,000 worth of bonds. Not for the first time, an economic experiment has turned out like Alice's croquet match; the hedgehogs have all crawled away and the flamingos have gone off on private business. It is all very disheartening and mystifying.

The Alberta Experiment contains Major Douglas's own account of the matter. Half the volume consists of appendices: the text of his own report to the Executive Council, the correspondence between himself and Mr. Aberhart after the latter's electoral victory, a bill establishing an Albertan Credit House under the control of the Provincial Government. The narrative of the book proper is thus strongly reinforced; and indeed the reinforcement is badly needed. The story Major Douglas has to tell is less concerned with economic and political developments in Alberta than with his own relations to Mr. Aberhart and his Government; the background is conveyed in asides, dark hints and cryptic references, Mr. Montagu Norman slips across upstage in a conspirator's cloak, persons unnamed wheedle Mr. Aberhart by flattery from the true path, the vision recedes. . . . Meanwhile, Major Douglas, from Fig Tree Court, alternates cablegrams of miraculous compression with letters of miraculous length; and at last regretfully refers his correspondent to more accessible advisers.

He has not lost hope. Mr. Aberhart has made bad mistakes. His popular halo has diminished. He has truckled to the Money Power, he has taken advice from the Money Power's nominees. But the gospel is spreading through the Western States of the Dominion; the Government of Alberta may yet take courage; the Report of the Royal Commission (part, of course, of a potentially 'crushing offensive' by the 'financial interests') may precipitate a

real defiance. In fact, we may see our experiment after all; and perhaps when it is over the economists of the world will in gratitude pass round the hat for the people of Alberta.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

LE DEMON DU BIEN. By *Henry de Montherlant*. Paris: Grasset. 1937.

(Martin Maurice in the *Lumière*, Paris)

IN THE third episode of the *Jeunes Filles*, M. Montherlant's hero embarks upon his struggle against marriage—not as an abstract idea but as a bold fact that threatens him personally. You can afford to consider the idea of marriage philosophically only if something about it appeals to you. Well, its attraction for the terrible Costals is nil. This modest man does not bother to muse about the beneficent influence of marriage upon the world in general. He does not deny the fact that some artists have been able to lead happy married lives. But as far as he is concerned, there is not a shadow of hesitation: the mere thought of conjugal chains is enough to make him die a thousand deaths.

This feeling is based largely on his uncompromising love for his freedom and work. Besides, he despises the vain race of women as a whole, although this does not prevent him from giving them pleasure, as long as they are pretty and have not reached the decrepit age of twenty-eight. Within these limits he permits himself to relax; he even considers a great love possible—provided he can break the affair off at will.

In theory Costals's system is perfect. But in practice he finds himself faced with what philosophers call the resistance of the object. In this case it is little Solange, her heart full of the most disarming simplicity and of worship for her master, but who nevertheless pursues with a bourgeois obstinacy the fundamental purpose of her sex, which is to make the man marry her. Neither gentle-

ness nor violence serve their turn; Costals's harangues upon the glory of celibacy roll off her like water off a duck's back.

Slowly but surely his resistance breaks down until he is ready to default. The unfortunate man grasps at every straw; he even makes Solange promise to write a letter, in which in order to facilitate the divorce if necessary, she will admit that she has a lover. Legally, the ruse is ridiculous, as any beginner in law can tell, and Costals soon perceives it himself. Whereupon he resumes his old plan of drowning Solange when he has had enough of her.

Having assured himself of being able to get out of his marriage when he wants to, he resigns himself to the inevitable with a certain serenity. The climax comes when he confesses his criminal intentions to his future victim, who does not take them seriously. Perhaps she is wrong to take them so lightly. A man may lack the nerve to break off relations with a woman who loves him and yet have enough of it to do away with her.

Here we come to the main point in the book, that is, the pity for women, that 'demon of good;' or, to put it differently, a man's cowardice before a defenseless woman whose love for him holds him prisoner. It is an interesting subject, and I am not surprised that the author has devoted two volumes to it. It is probable that Costals would leave Solange if he could. But already he begins to feel that he cannot; and the exasperating thing is that he does not really love this girl. Thus the indomitable male is chafed by his bonds.

The story is the story of his alternate revolt and taming—an eternally tragic and ridiculous situation. M. Montherlant's literary skill is apparent in this virtuoso's performance on two pianos. His tempestuous style can shift from eloquence to loquacity, from lyricism to clownishness.

As for Costals, he becomes more and Tartarin-like as he retreats. Although a

superior being on the intellectual plane, he is at a disadvantage at a game where patience, silence and cunning are the things that count. Every once in a while he realizes it and tries to make up for it. Thus he makes Solange agree that in the event they have children, they will do away with them. I do not approve of this but must confess that the passage is written brilliantly. Long live literature!

A DIAMOND KING

BARNEY BARNATO. *By Richard Lewinsobn. Translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury. London: Routledge. 1937.*

(Hamish Miles in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

AND here on the frontispiece (Elliott and Fry, ca. 1890) is Barney Barnato. He wears a silk-fronted frock-coat, gray trousers, a white slip waistcoat, a broad silk stock tie spreading itself under a wing collar, a large round Rooseveltian pince-nez with chain, and a faintly quizzical smile. One gloved hand fingers the waistcoat buttons, the other, resting on a highly rococo occasional table, holds an unlighted cigarette. It is a period composition; and Barnato was decidedly a period figure. He could not have had the same apposite luck, or used his peculiar faculties so aptly, at any other time or place than those which he made his own—Kimberley and the Rand during the twenty years when South African diamonds and South African gold were being discovered, extracted, exploited, organized and fitted into the wider Imperial concepts.

He was a Whitechapel boy, Barnett Isaacs by name, born in 1851. His father taught him to box on the cleared floor of his shop, and Barney taught himself the rudiments of finance by getting hold of pass-out checks from West End theatergoers and selling them for pence if he did not want to use them himself. It was, indeed, the stage that first attracted young Isaacs, and his new name, Barnato, was

coined from a clowning act which he and his brother Harry worked in the lesser music-halls. But a more serious-minded cousin, David Harris, got his eye on the newly discovered diamonds in South Africa, took Harry off with him, and left the slightly hesitant Barney to follow a couple of years later. Barney arrived on the raw, rough diamond front in the late summer of 1873 by ox-wagon, with £150 of his mother's and a consignment of cigars provided by his brother-in-law, Joel Joel. And although a sudden violent slump had just set in, things soon began to move.

When he committed suicide, insane, at the age of forty-four, the *Times* obituarist cautiously remarked of this 'curious and essentially modern figure' that 'many of the grotesque stories about his early life were traceable to himself, since his humor frequently took the form of somewhat apocryphal "revelations" as to what he had once been.' And it may be a fault in Mr. Lewinsohn's spirited sketch of Barnato's life that he gives us little or no opportunity of weighing the exact measure of truth or legend in the story.

BUT the story, even with a discount allowed, is an extraordinary one. Within a few months young Barnato had graduated from peddling pencils and stationery round the diggers' camps to a diamond-dealing partnership with one Loo Cohen, on a basis of £90 capital and forty boxes of Havanas. After a few instructive months of this, he went into a more serious partnership with his brother Harry, the beginning of Barnato Brothers.

And then, in 1876, the fun began on the grand scale. Barnato's diamond sense became more and more quickened. He got on to the idea, heterodox to the older diggers, that the deep and dangerous 'blue ground' diggings would prove Golcondas, and bought claims accordingly: at the age of twenty-three, from four of these tiny parcels of land, he was

extracting diamonds to the tune of £90,000 a year. The late '70's and early '80's took the Barnatos farther and farther, and by then, with Cecil Rhodes in the foreground of the South African stage, the drama proper began.

Mr. Lewinsohn recounts the tactical history of the war and uneasy alliance between these two strangely contrasted men in a summary but picturesque way; and the background of that story is as rough and raffish as one could hope to see. Against it move the subtle Rhodes and the exuberant Barnato, the Biblical Kruger and the ingenious Jameson, the cautious Alfred Beit and the ruthless J. B. Robinson, and many others in the center and on the fringes of African and Imperial politics: a tragi-comedy of high politics and earthy avarice. But in Barnato himself something snapped, and after a breakdown he suddenly threw himself into the sea off Funchal in 1897—on the eve of, appropriately enough, the Diamond Jubilee.

What the moral of Barnato's career may have been, who shall say? With conscious or unconscious irony the publishers of this biography remark: 'Barnato's name was a byword for the pre-War generation. He is now generally considered as a supreme example of the successful speculator.' There is quite a lot of food for thought in the story, and in this comment on it.

[Barney Barnato *will be published in the United States by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York*]

IN PURSUIT OF A DREAM

LE GARÇON SAVOYARD. *By C. F. Ramuz. Paris: Grasset. 1937.*

(P. Forgeron in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, Brussels)

RAMUZ'S new novel deals, in a word, with every man's search for the ideal. Joseph, a boatman on Lake Léman, saw, or believed that he saw, his ideal in a tight-rope dancer. Everything in her enchanted

him; the face made magic by greasepaint which he could not see from where he stood, the gleaming whiteness of her costume and, above all, the fact that she 'walked on air.' That was the most unforgettable thing: the conquered gravity, the infinitesimal surface which her feet trod, and her disappearance through a trap door which he never suspected. 'And then she disappeared,' he always says when he tells the story.

He wanders from place to place, from woman to woman, striving to re-create the emotion; and his ultimate failure drives him to crime and to suicide.

There are at first glance some disturbing faults in this book, notably a certain affectation of naïveté, of over-simplicity of language. For example: 'He said: "She is slimmer than you are."' She said: "You're engaged, eh?"' Nevertheless, one cannot help wondering whether this is not precisely the device which sharpens the intensity of the drama, so that the reader almost feels himself undergoing Joseph's sufferings. For the deliberate crudeness of

style neatly points the significance of every gesture, the underlying intention of every remark.

One sees the man's unconscious life slowly but surely rising to engulf him, even as a stream swells, threatens its shores and dams and finally inundates them.

Ramuz tells his story wisely, allowing it neither to drag nor to run away with him. Only his certain mastery of Joseph and the fact that he in no wise identifies himself with his hero can account for his cold objectivity. And yet Joseph lives and suffers. His nostalgia is drawn out until he reaches the limits of his endurance and then he drowns himself: 'And she was no longer visible, but neither was he, for he had conquered water even as she had conquered air.'

In spite of its somewhat eccentric plot, *Le Garçon savoyard* is a fine book, dealing as it does with the Man's highest aspirations: his desire to conquer matter, to possess beauty, to attain the ideal, which ultimately proves to be an illusion.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE STORY OF DICTATORSHIP FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO TODAY. By E. E. Kellett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1937. 231 pages. \$1.75.

THE facts recorded in this book are mostly well known. The recording is not generally dramatic, and is at times monotonous. The Hebrew usurper Abimelech, various tyrants of Ancient Greece and of Greek Sicily, the Renaissance despots whose techniques were analyzed by Machiavelli, Napoleon and two unpleasant rulers of Paraguay are all briefly discussed. Some seventy pages are devoted to modern dictatorships, with the greatest space given to Mussolini. As a history, therefore, this work is too sketchy to be of much value.

The author's views, given mainly in the introduction and conclusion, but referred to and embellished throughout, are a different matter. Mr. Kellett points out that despots establish themselves by capitalizing on any sort of public trouble and by speciously offering deliverance therefrom, while they maintain themselves by force and propaganda, and especially by the suppression of well-publicized plots, real or nicely imagined, against the State's well-being and their own. He shows that the techniques of tyranny do not change in essence through the ages, though dictatorship preceded and accompanied by a complete philosophy is something new. He suggests that increasing oppression and arbitrary force are an almost inevitable part of the history of tyrants, with ruin of their peoples and sudden death for themselves the probable outcome.

More important, he shows that dictatorship is a euphemistic misnomer: tyranny is the historically and morally correct term for present-day, as for ancient, oppressors. He emphasizes the ancient hatred of tyrants, even by anti-democratic philosophers, and roundly castigates modern indifference and that false tolerance which refuses to maintain, or to measure by, any coherent principle. He argues for enthusiastic support of the libertarian tradition and of democratic institutions, and asserts the superiority of gradualness even though it sometimes tries our patience. He suggests that many who in democratic countries flirt with the idea of dictatorship might neither like nor

benefit by the reality, and his statement of the essential nature of that reality is persuasive. All this is perhaps commonplace. Yet its reiteration by many thinkers is probably the best technique of first-line defense against the curious emotional appeal of the authoritarian credo and the frenzied repetitions of savage hosannahs to its self-constituted apostles.

—THOMAS I. COOK

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1937. 790 pages. \$5.50.

IT WOULD take a great deal of searching to find within the covers of one volume so much information on so many of man's practical problems as is presented in this work by the scholarly author of *The History of Western Civilization*. Dr. Barnes, one of America's best-known publicists and historians, wished 'to tell the story of the manner in which man has provided for his daily needs; the result, thanks to his narrative skill, to his encyclopedic knowledge and to his talent for organizing bewildering masses of material, is a model of the 'new history' so persuasively advocated by James Harvey Robinson.

As history in the best liberal sense of the term the book is to be read. We begin in Part I with 'The Foundations of European Economic Life,' which takes us from stone-age economics to the rise and decline of Roman imperialism, destroyed by over-expansion, slavery and financial chaos. Subsequent parts deal with the Medieval period; the expansion of Europe and the origins of modern capitalism; the Industrial Revolution, which inaugurates the machine and the modern factory system; and Contemporary Economic Life, which illustrates the impact of new production techniques upon the old economy of capitalism and private property relations, terminating in the vast new social experiment of the Soviet Union.

Conspicuous throughout the entire volume, which is enlivened by numerous illustrations and maps, is the emphasis upon the actual methods of human labor from primitive stone axes to the automatic machinery that has so paradoxically transformed leisure from a prom-

ise to a threat. Dr. Barnes traces the origin and development of our present monetary system and describes the complications that followed the sudden growth of world markets through the discovery of new lands—and new supplies of gold—across the Atlantic. All the accumulating contradictions, further intensified by the growth of liberalism, 'free trade' and more advanced political ideals, come to a focus with the Industrial Revolution, in which Science first comes to grips with Economics.

Accompanying this rich fare of economic facts in a dozen fields is a dramatic picture of the rise of new political aspirations summed up in the word Socialism. A maturing and over-ripe capitalism, no longer able to dominate the forces of production which were once so energetically encouraged in its own interests, seeks salvation through the extremes of Fascism and the Corporative State while 'the sadly harassed radicals in Europe outside of Russia for the most part, pin their hopes for the future on Communism.'

This is perhaps an exaggeration, but it is one which in no way vitiates a book that will long rank as one of the best in its field.

—HAROLD WARD

THE NOVEL AND THE PEOPLE. By Ralph Fox.
New York: International Publishers. 1937.
172 pages. \$1.50

RALPH FOX writes of the 'group of generals and unprincipled Fascist reactionaries (who), having risen in revolt against the lawful and democratic Government of Spain, threaten that country's independence . . . and her recently acquired liberty. . . .' He contends that the same forces that instigated this revolt are responsible for the crisis in the contemporary novel. Having completed the work of his pen, he was consistent enough to take up the sword. Ralph Fox, English man of letters, became a soldier in the Loyalist Army, gave his life on a Spanish battlefield in defense of his ideal of international culture and democracy.

In the introduction to this short work Fox explains the existence of the crisis in the novel. This most characteristic and articulate art form of capitalist society, the form which rose and flourished parallel with the rise and development of capitalism, has now lost direction and purpose. This is due, not to a lack of honest writers, but rather to peculiar

difficulties which the writer must face. He must develop a philosophy, must take a stand for or against capitalism or socialism. Fox believes that only the 'Socialist realism' of Marxism can solve the writer's problems today and he is very definite in explaining that this formula does not imply that the novel should be a political tract. Indeed he writes 'it is not the author's business to preach, but to give a real, historic picture of life.' It is by this method alone that the author can preach most effectively and convincingly. And Fox quotes Engels to the same effect: 'In my view the Socialist tendentious novel completely fulfills its mission in describing real social relationships, in destroying real illusions concerning them, in upsetting the optimism of the bourgeois world, in sowing doubt as to the eternal nature of the existing social order, even though the author does not thereby advance any definite solution and sometimes does not even come down on one side or the other.'

The greater part of the book is devoted to an exposition of this thesis. Fox begins by defending the compatibility of Marxian materialism with art and he calls to witness Shakespeare, Rabelais and Montaigne. He finds that the compatibility of art and materialism has been questioned only during the last century. Indeed, art must be materialistic since it must reflect reality. But Marxism, he insists, does not pretend that there is a crude, direct one-to-one relationship between the outer world and art. The social atmosphere and the economic structure of society merely set the ultimate limitations within which the accidents of personality and 'ideal' factors have free play. Marxism, Fox explains, does not deny individualism. Rather, it points out that while life makes it tragically impossible for man to achieve what he desires, yet he has the glory of changing the very course of life itself by his unachieved will which helps to make up the direction of the combined will of society. And this is a point which the writer can no more neglect than the historian, if his characters are to be alive.

In this connection Fox finds that the function of art is not alone to reflect beauty, but to understand and create beauty and so to change the world, and once more he stresses that it is only recently that this view has fallen into disfavor. English writers, from Marlowe to Fielding, would not have found fault with it. To overcome the crisis in the novel it is

necessary to reestablish this belief and Marxism is the philosophy of social change which alone can do it.

The novel, like the individualistic philosophy of capitalist culture, is the art of the individual and it flourished, writes Fox, to the extent that capitalism could afford to contemplate the relationship of the individual to society. In the 18th century the novel developed a realism which looked at and portrayed men as they were. The gentility of the 19th century feared to see what had happened to man in the world and therefore didn't dare to show man as a whole in relation to the world. That, Fox thinks, explains why the novelists of the 19th century, although potentially great, failed to achieve real greatness, and why so much of their work is sentimentalized.

One cannot always agree with Fox's individual judgments of writers and books and his essay contains some glaring omissions, notably Thomas Mann, but his general treatment is consistent and the book as a whole is an excellent introduction to the history of the novel and a guide to understanding its development, its significance as a cultural form and a reflection of the social system.

—JOSEPH KRESH

WAR MADNESS. By Stephen and Joan Raushenbush. Washington, D. C.: National Home Library Foundation. 1937. 190 pages. 25 cents.

THIS book is about munition-makers, gun peddlers and others who profit from armaments and war. One of the authors, Stephen Raushenbush, was connected with the United States Senate's Special Committee to investigate the munitions industry. This Committee unmasked the most sinister business in Christendom—the business of munition makers. *War Madness* is based on the evidence gathered by the Committee. It is precise, written without sentiment and suggests ways and means that might help this nation to keep out of the next great war. Some of these suggestions have already found their way to the statute books.

The authors are convinced from a study of the evidence that governments must produce their own munitions. They do not suggest nationalization, but with governments virtually the sole buyers of armaments, government manufacture would put the private manufacturers out of business. In the absence of gov-

ernment production, there can be no effective international control, and no limitation or reduction of armaments. This contention is supported by what is known of the conspiracies between munition manufacturers throughout the world to defeat any limitation of armaments. Disarmament conferences are preceded by conferences of munition makers where measures are devised to torpedo disarmament.

Government production of munitions, the authors point out, would prevent militarism from growing up in this country as it did in Germany through an alliance of the munitions makers with the Army and Navy; it would cut the cost of our armaments—private munitions manufacturers charge the government enormous prices, for, while there is bidding by the different companies, the bidding is collusive; and there would no longer be any pressure from private munitions companies to sell new inventions and military secrets abroad. An excellent case is made out for government production of its own implements of war.

This is a grim book, because it deals with a grim subject. The authors pose the fundamental question that is on every thinking American's mind. Can we stay out of war? In other words, are we willing to pay the price for peace? The centrifugal pull of profits for those who profit by war, the enormous influence, clandestine in character, which those who profit by war exert on our social and political life, have in the past proven irresistible. A period of depression creates an itch for a boom, and with war there is always a boom—for the time being. The Japanese invasion of China, the war in Spain, the tension in Europe generally—do not these provide an escape from depression to the merry road of big profits?

To read this little volume of 190 pages is to take a journey through the world in which munitions makers live and operate. It is a very different world from the one we learn about in school books.

—DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

CLAUDE. By Genevieve Fauconnier. Translated and Illustrated by Lauren Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 265 pages. \$2.50.

WINNER of the *Prix Femina*, *Claude* is a novel of a childhood and a marriage, and a rather overdone experiment in a new method of story-telling.

Regarded purely as a story it is inconsiderable. It is a thin-blooded, anæmic thing that limps along at a hesitant pace, never once moving with any confidence, frequently stopping altogether. It does not rise to any heights of drama; and when it finally stops, the reader feels rather that it has merely grown very tired and lain down, not that it has come to an end.

Briefly, it concerns the girl Claude, the last of six girls in the Dévereux family, and her foster-brother Phillipe. They live through a childhood that can be described only as ordinary, they grow up, and they go about their work. Claude marries a gentleman farmer, and works herself into a state of nervous wretchedness trying to help him reclaim his estate. And then Phillipe returns to trouble her in her unromantic, workaday marriage with a glamour that is half borrowed from their childhood.

That is the substance of the story. But the story is of secondary importance in the book, emerging as a casual and accidental result of the writing, as if the author weren't very much interested in it anyway.

What does interest her is recapturing the half-realized, still shimmering memories of the heroine. The story is told through Claude, as she jots down in notebooks and household memorandum books these fragmentary recollections. They are incoherent, they are incomplete, they may be no more than a fleeting glimpse of a child's face as he munches an apple, they may have nothing whatsoever to do with the story—but they go down on paper and they serve to create the delicate, dewy-fresh atmosphere that characterizes the book.

The device, used in moderation, would be exquisitely effective; and for the first dozen of pages in the book it is. But it grows tiresome. Beautifully done as the episodes are—and even

in translation their beauty is apparent—their insistence on minutiae, their shying away from anything so gross as a full-blooded emotion or a pulsing climax become annoying, and the reader begins to feel that he is wallowing in a slough of delicacy and sensitiveness and getting nowhere.

—ARTHUR HEINEMANN

ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS. By *Ernie O'Malley*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 403 pages. \$3.50.

ERNIE O'MALLEY writes about the civil war that tore Ireland from 1916 to 1921 with all the passion and bitterness of one who changed flags. For he started life in a 'shoneen' family of the middle class which persisted in believing that it was living in exile. Today he is an extreme Celtic nationalist, and as such he writes of the Irish civil war, which in bitterness and fury can only be compared with the present struggle in Spain. It is, perhaps, as a study of the psychology of the fighter in a modern civil war that this book is of most value. But like Michael Doheny, who wrote of the Irish rebellion of '48, he was inspired by the essential beauty and spirit of the Irish countryside.

Ernie O'Malley is a practical man, yet he really believes that the Knights of the Red Branch fought beside him when he and his followers turned their machine guns on a lorry full of British troops, and that the queens of Irish mythology rode before him as he went recruiting across the stony fields of the west country. Realist and romanticist are strangely blended in him.

—JOHN BURKE

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

IN PUTTING the provisions of the Neutrality Act into effect with respect to the undeclared war between Japan and China, President Roosevelt adopted a course that was urged by six peace organizations which played a large part in securing the adoption of the Neutrality Act of 1937. The organizations which proclaimed their solidarity on this issue were as follows: the National Council for Prevention of War, the Emergency Peace Campaign, World Peaceways, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Committee on Militarism in Education and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Regardless of the merits of the dispute—and it is probable that a majority of the members of these societies personally feel that Japan is beyond doubt the aggressor—the organizations mentioned were agreed to do their utmost to keep the United States from becoming involved.

In a joint telegram to President Roosevelt on September 2nd, the six groups strongly urged the proclamation of the Act to prevent American entanglement. Reference was made to the tests applied to the Far Eastern conflict by Senator Pittman, one of the authors of the Act, by all of which tests a state of war now exists.

It is of interest that the *Washington Information Letter* of the Council for Prevention of War states that, contrary to the general view, the application of the Neutrality Act would be a greater handicap to Japan than to China. Since Japan controls the sea, she can cut off China from foreign supplies of arms, whether the Act is imposed or not; but if the war is prolonged, Japan will need to find increasing financial help from abroad. Such help, at least from the United States, could not be secured once the Act has been invoked.

AN ENTIRELY different view of the neutrality question has been taken by the

American League Against War and Fascism (268 Fourth Avenue, New York City). The League's position is that the invocation of the Neutrality Act in regard to the conflict between Japan and China would amount to treating the victim the same as the aggressor. According to a published statement the League declared: 'The world has seen how this law works in relation to Spain, cutting off the democratic government of the people from coming here and buying the means of defense against Fascist attack and invasion. If applied to the present (undeclared) war in the Far East, this misnamed Neutrality Act would bar China from securing here the means of defense and would work to the advantage of the Japanese invaders, who are well-supplied with war materials and more self-sustaining.'

THE American Red Cross (headquarters at Washington, D. C.) has appropriated \$2,500 a month for the immediate future for war relief work among both factions in Spain. Previous contributions have been as follows: \$36,000 to repatriate American citizens; \$26,000 to the International Red Cross; and \$5,000 to the French Red Cross for the relief of Basque refugee children.

BEGINNING October 1 the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th St., New York City) will incorporate its *Washington News Letter* with its weekly *Bulletin*. Non-members of the Association may subscribe to the *Bulletin*, which contains expert analyses of important aspects of international affairs and foreign problems of the United States, for \$2 per annum. The latest of the Association's 'Headline Books,' entitled *Changing Governments*, was published on September 15, and offers a succinct survey of five European governments that are now undergoing a period of transition.

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

biography of Paderewski and now a specialist on the Near East, who deals with 'Turkey's Ism' [p. 152]; and by the Indian Moslem writer, Satish Chandra Khare, who finds that the Pan-Islamic ideal is a mirage. [p. 154]

A LITTLE KNOWN refuge for Jews who must flee persecution in Central and Eastern Europe is the 'Homeland in the Jungle'—the half-cleared wilderness which the Uruguayan Government has made available. Paul Zech, a German-Jewish free-lance journalist, describes the struggle of one colony of former professional men to establish a home in this strange new world. [p. 159]

EACH month we present a group of short pieces of general interest, and in this issue the group is entitled 'Investigations.' The first is an account of 'The Blue International,' which enables the police of the world to coöperate in seizing criminals who try to escape across frontiers [p. 163]. There follows Annemarie Schoene-Chaix's report of a visit to Grasse, the little French city which provides the world with its best perfume [p. 165]. And finally, Cullen Young, a British authority on the tribal customs of Africa, examines rumors that the 'African Secret Societies'—Leopard Men, *malipenga*, etc.—are being used by the natives to organize a Black *swaraj* movement. [p. 167]

THE 'Persons' of the month are Corneliu Zelea-Codreanu, the leader of Rumania's Fascists, who is interviewed by Mark Ravage (born Revici) [p. 141]; General Maurice Gustave Gamelin, Chief of the French General Staff, by the German military writer, R. Krug von Nidda [p. 144]; and Richard Sandler, Swedish Foreign Minister, who is recognized as one of the ablest diplomatists in Europe. [p. 145]

This book should be the bible of every American mother who did not raise her boy to be a soldier—or a marine.

— Harry Elmer Barnes

England Expects Every American To Do His Duty

By Quincy Howe

¶ Quincy Howe was a member of the staff of *The Living Age* from 1922 to 1928, and its editor from 1929 to 1935. In 1934 he wrote *World Diary: 1929-1934*.

¶ His new book begins where Walter Millis's *Road To War* left off. It shows how the forces which brought the United States to the rescue of the British Empire in 1917 are pushing it in the same direction in 1937.

¶ As Britain's position throughout the world grows weaker, her dependence upon the United States increases. This means increasing pressure, increasing propaganda operating in a thousand directions as the zero hour draws near.

¶ Yet Mr. Howe is no prophet of doom. The final section of his book, entitled 'What To Do About It,' outlines a practical American foreign policy to keep the United States out of the next war.

¶ Written, as one reviewer says, with 'irony, humor, and sharp good sense' it has been quoted and paraphrased, attacked and defended in editorials, radio broadcasts and general discussions from coast to coast. \$2.00

at all bookstores

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc.

386 Fourth Avenue, New York City